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GENERAL GRANT.

THE first volume of General Grant's 'Memoirs'¹ brings the story of his life down to the siege and capture of Vicksburg—the achievement which has always been held to give him his best claim to rank as a great strategist and commander. It was one of the most perilous operations ever carried out, and from first to last it was conducted in defiance of all the recognised rules of warfare. Grant himself tells us that General Sherman remonstrated most earnestly with him when the project was first discussed, or rather mentioned; for Grant rarely submitted any of his plans for discussion, either in a council of war or elsewhere. Some of the generals on the northern side took particular pains not to commit themselves to an important step without consultation with the authorities at Washington. The President was commander-in-chief, and the secretary of war, Mr. Stanton, was a man who very easily took offence, and who never forgave. The necessity of "standing well" at Washington, was one cause of the failure of so many of the generals who took the field at the outset of the rebellion. They were afraid of the Government, and still more afraid of the newspapers.

Grant alone had the courage to set them all at defiance. When he had formed his plans he kept them as secret from everybody as circumstances

permitted until the moment for action arrived. It does not appear that he sent any message whatever to Washington concerning Vicksburg until the place was actually in his possession. Sherman, who was with him, showed him all the dangers of the enterprise. He pointed out that to go into a hostile country, with a large river behind the advancing force, and the enemy holding strongly-fortified positions above and below, was to incur a frightful risk, and consequently he recommended a backward move upon Memphis. Grant coolly answered that Memphis was the very place to which he did not want to go. He knew that a feeling of great discouragement existed in the North, that the elections of 1862 had proved the growth of a sentiment adverse to the continuance of the war, and that it had become necessary to substitute a compulsory draft for voluntary enlistment. He felt that unless a striking success could be obtained, the South would probably triumph, and he decided that it was better to run any hazard than not to try for that success. Hence he resolved to cross the Mississippi, and almost literally to burn his boats behind him. His scheme was to cut loose from his base of supplies, and to push forward into the Confederate territory without supports of any kind. An officer of his staff told me that another officer ventured one morning to say to his chief, "General, if we are

¹ 'Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant.' Vol. i. Sampson Low and Company, London, 1885.
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beaten, we shall not have sufficient transport back for ten thousand troops." "If we are beaten," replied Grant, in his usual impassive manner, "transport back for ten thousand troops is more than I shall want." His army knew as well as he did that nothing was left for it but to conquer or die; and it also knew that no misgiving or hesitation on the part of its leader would be allowed to interfere with his design. This was the great peculiarity of Grant's character—his unshakable determination. When he was in the right men praised it, as it was very natural they should do; when he turned out to be wrong—as he did often enough in civil life—they denounced his senseless and incurable obstinacy. It was by obstinacy that he beat down secession. Scientific tactics had been employed, and had led only to failure and disappointment. Wisely or unwisely, Grant disregarded science, especially in his movement against Vicksburg. He won the victory by a series of rapid movements, which bewildered the Southern generals; before they fairly realised their danger they had lost the control of the Mississippi, and, as Grant truly says, the "fate of the Confederacy was sealed." Thousands and tens of thousands of men were still to fall, but the loss of Vicksburg was the death-blow of the Southern cause.

This event, therefore, forms an appropriate dividing line in a fragment of autobiography—for this work, even in its complete state, will evidently be no more than a fragment—which must always be invested with a strange and mournful interest. It was begun and carried on with the shadow of death ever upon the page—death by one of the most agonising of diseases, and accompanied with mental distress scarcely less poignant than the direst form of physical torture. When I first met General Grant, soon after the close of the war, he was still a young man, full of life and energy, with a constitution of iron, proof against all the hardships, fatigues, and anxieties he had passed through. He

was then at the zenith of his fame, the idol of the people, followed everywhere by the acclamations which are reserved in all countries for the successful soldier. Greater glory was never heaped upon Washington himself. Men and women would travel hundreds of miles in the hope of looking upon his face, or of being permitted to boast that they had touched his hand. He received all this homage with phlegmatic indifference, seldom saying a word, shaking hands until his arm was sore, and hurrying off as fast as he could to his eternal cigar. Presents of all kinds poured in upon him. A nation which has no titles to confer, and which will not give away estates and pensions, could not reward Grant as Marlborough or Wellington was rewarded in this country; but private gratitude did all that was thought right and becoming. One house was given to him in Washington, another in Philadelphia, a third in Galena. A considerable sum of money was raised for his benefit, and held in trust. By an unfortunate accident this trust fund was not available to him at the crisis of his misfortunes. For the time, however, there seemed to be everything that was enviable in his circumstances. His reputation was without a stain of any kind; malice itself was for the moment reduced to silence. It had frequently been alleged that he was by nature cruel and relentless; but the magnanimity which he displayed towards Lee and the other Confederate generals, in opposition to many powerful influences, swept away this reproach. He had never interfered in the strife of politics; partisans on either side could make no complaint respecting him; not a single imprudent word had ever escaped his lips. It is not given to any of us to know the critical moment in our lives when it would be well if we could rise up and depart; but surely, amid the grief and anguish of his last days, a feeling of regret must have sometimes presented itself to the mind of General Grant that the summons to go did not

reach him in 1865. But for what we are accustomed to call an accident, it would have reached him. He had been engaged to accompany President Lincoln to Ford's theatre, in Washington, on the night of the assassination plot, and it is now known that he was marked to die. Some domestic arrangements prevented him keeping this appointment, and the bullet which was intended for him was never fired. It seems a hard saying, but it is true, that Lincoln was more fortunate that night than Grant.

For President Lincoln died in the full sunshine of success—if, indeed, it can be said that sunshine ever fell upon that melancholy spirit. Between him and the people, whom he had served so faithfully, there was no cloud. He had outlived all misunderstandings and injustice. There was a time, no doubt, when his rough, uncouth ways, and the absence of all conventional dignity in his life and conversation, led many of his countrymen to form a false estimate of his nature; but the loftiness of his views, and the sincerity of his patriotism, were never questioned. In his second inaugural address, and in his short but memorable speech at Gettysburg, he struck a note in harmony with the solemnity of the time; and long before the war came to an end it was universally acknowledged that the homely rail-splitter of Illinois was the man of all others fitted to deal with the great crisis which had fallen upon the nation. Everybody saw how invaluable had been his patience, his good-humour, his quiet belief in the cause which was at stake, his sagacity in bringing to light a capable man, and of remaining faithful to him. Many attempts were made to set him against General Grant, but none of them succeeded. "He drinks too much whisky," said one of Grant's maligners to the President. "Try and find out the brand," whispered Lincoln; "I should like to send a barrel or two to some of the other generals." In common with General Sherman and others, the President anticipated the daring march upon Vicksburg with great

misgiving, and looked upon it as a mistake; but after the fort had fallen he wrote a note of hearty congratulation to the general whom he had never seen. "I now wish," he said, "to make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong." This letter is not published by General Grant in his 'Memoirs'; in fact, he publishes not a word of any kind in his own praise. His narrative is a plain—almost bald—record of the simplest facts, recounted with a modesty which is rare, if not absolutely unique, in works of this kind, but which is in itself vividly characteristic of the man. I spent many long evenings with him at various times, and I never once heard him make the slightest allusion to the part which he had played in the war. If any one else touched upon the subject in his presence, his hard, firm mouth would close "like a steel trap," as the American saying goes, and the chances were that not another word would escape from him until the indiscreet visitor had gone.

This reluctance to talk of his own deeds is visible even in the 'Memoirs,' which he only consented to write in the hope of leaving behind him some provision for his family. He went unwillingly to the task, and although his interest in it increased as he made progress, it is clear that it gave him no pleasure to recount his personal exploits. He had resolved never to write anything for publication, but troubles fell thickly upon him one after another, and at last he yielded to the solicitations of the publishers. "I consented," he says in his preface, "for the money it gave me; for at that moment I was living upon borrowed money." His houses had probably been sold long before, and after the failure of the firm of rogues with which he became entangled, he was left absolutely penniless. Then he began his autobiography upon the novel plan of saying as little about himself as he could possibly help. His account of his early life occupies more space than the description of

any great siege or battle in which he was engaged. Everybody knows that he was brought up in humble circumstances, though not in poverty. His father had a tannery, and young Grant often worked in it, though he detested the occupation. When the siege of Vicksburg made him famous, the "politicians" flocked around him from all quarters, and endeavoured to turn him to account in their several ways. Grant met all their approaches with the same imperturbability. "I am unable to talk politics," he used to say, "but if you want to know anything about the best method of tanning leather, I believe I can tell you." Through the interest of a Congressman, he was admitted to the great military training school of West Point, where Lee, and "Stonewall" Jackson, and others who afterwards became celebrated in the Confederacy, were students at the same time. Grant's sole ambition after he left West Point was to obtain a professorship in some college; but the outbreak of the Mexican war, provoked by the annexation of Texas, soon provided him with active employment. In that war he received some valuable training as a soldier, but when peace came he found that his position had not in any way improved. By this time he had a wife and two children, without any adequate means of earning money for their support. The family went to a little farm belonging to his wife near St. Louis, and there Grant tried to get a living in any way that presented itself. "If nothing else could be done," he says, "I would load a cord of wood on a waggon, and take it to the city for sale." Then he went into a "real estate" business, or, as we say, a land-agency; found that this brought no grist to the mill, and was driven to become a clerk in his father's store. So he went on, living in a hand-to-mouth manner, until the war broke out in 1861, and he was called upon to take command of a company of volunteers raised in Galena. This, too, seemed likely to be but a short-lived occupation. No one then

believed that the war would last long. Mr. Jefferson Davis told a meeting at La Grange, Mississippi, that he would be willing to "drink all the blood spilled south of Mason and Dixon's line." Mr. Seward, the secretary of state, continually declared that the war would be over in ninety days. Grant's belief to the last was that if the capture of Fort Donelson, in February, 1862, had been followed up by the Federals with a determined advance over the south-west, the rebellion would have collapsed. But the Federal generals were slow to perceive any advantage they had gained; many of them were utterly incapable of perceiving it. General Halleck, who was Grant's superior officer, gave him no encouragement even to attack Fort Donelson; and bestowed but slight and grudging thanks upon him after the victory. For venturing to push on to Nashville Grant was superseded, and virtually placed under arrest. But he was very soon restored to his command, and not long afterwards won the bloody battle of Shiloh, where the Confederates fought until they were literally cut to pieces. "I saw an open field," he writes, "over which the Confederates had made repeated charges the day before, so covered with dead that it would have been possible to walk across the clearing, in any direction, stepping on dead bodies, without a foot touching the ground." "The Confederate troops fought well," is Grant's laconic remark on all this heroism, repeated on so many fields, and always in vain.

Donelson, Shiloh, and Vicksburg have generally been recognised as affording conclusive proofs of Grant's military capacity; but his campaigns in Virginia are more open to question. The slaughter in the "Wilderness," where thousands of the northern troops were sacrificed, might have been avoided if Grant had clung less tenaciously to his resolve to "fight it out on that line if it took all summer." He had to deviate from that line after all, but one object

which he constantly kept in view was accomplished—by “hammering away” at the enemy, he had reduced Lee’s power of resistance. The Confederate leader was obliged to break up his small force into detachments to meet the assaults which were delivered in all directions, and with a few thousand half-starved and ragged troops he had to face at least a hundred and eighty thousand men in the army of the Potomac. His supports were uncertain; some of his subordinates—like General Early—were worse than useless. The commissariat arrangements had completely broken down. The Confederates were left almost without ammunition or food. Yet in the desperate engagements at Spottsylvania, Cold Harbour, and before Petersburg, upwards of seventy thousand men of Grant’s army were killed or wounded. The carnage and the suffering inflicted in that last campaign have never been exceeded in any war of modern times.

Grant’s losses were heavy, but Lee’s slender resources were wrecked in a much more serious proportion, and there was no recruiting possible for the Confederates. Their dead who lay so thickly beneath the fields were children of the soil, and there were none to replace them. Sometimes whole families had been destroyed; but the survivors still fought on, though it must have been without hope. In the Confederate lines round Petersburg there was often absolute destitution—as an officer who was there told me, in the Shenandoah valley, shortly after the end of the struggle, every cat and dog for miles around had been caught and eaten. Grant was pressing onwards; Sherman’s march had proved that the Confederacy was an egg-shell; Sheridan’s splendid cavalry was ever hovering round the last defenders of the bars and stripes; Grant saw that all was over, and he invited Lee to surrender. But for a day or two longer Lee held out; and then Grant sent him another message, couched in terms as gentle and courteous as he could find. All that

further resistance could do would be to bring about more useless butchery, with inevitable defeat at the end. Yet the Confederates were unwilling to relinquish everything, and when they saw their general riding out sadly to meet the conqueror, they gave way to the bitterest grief.¹ There remained but a broken and scattered remnant of the proud forces of the Confederacy to surrender with their beloved commander.

It was General Grant’s duty to vanquish his foe, but he would not humiliate him. He declined to be present at the formal disbandment of the Southern troops, and when Lee handed him his sword, Grant returned it with a few words of manly sympathy. This act of kindness touched Lee deeply, for no one in the whole South felt more keenly the wreck of all the hopes which had been bound up in the “lost cause.” The Northern people had made great sacrifices to carry on the war, but the conditions of the contest were necessarily more severe in the South. The church bells, the leaden roofing from the houses, everything that could be melted down, had been used for bullets. After Sherman’s march the country was like a desert. Bridges, fences, railroads, all had disappeared. Yet the people still hoped that their favourite general, Lee, would somehow or other be able to turn back the multitudes which were arrayed against him. They regarded him with an affection which the vast reverses that overwhelmed him and them could not weaken. I saw him in one of the towns of the Shenandoah valley some months after the surrender at Appomattox. He was quite white, bent, and broken, but the welcome which met him could not have been more ardent if he had returned victorious. The women crowded round him, with streaming eyes, kissing his hand; even the men were deeply moved. At that time there was a foolish cry among the people of the South, “Let us all emigrate, it

¹ The scene was vividly described some years ago in an article by Mr. Francis Lawley.

matters not where. Let us leave a land which can never be our home again." Lee did all he could to discourage it. There soon arose a fierce demand in some parts of the North, led by Secretary Stanton, for the "punishment of traitors," and but for Grant's interposition Lee would undoubtedly have been sent to join Jefferson Davis in Fortress Monroe. Grant risked his popularity by insisting that Lee was a prisoner of war on parole, and that until he broke his parole it would be an outrage to arrest him. The controversy was active, and sometimes angry; but Grant was immovable, and Stanton had to give way. The two generals never met afterwards. Lee continued to the last to set a good example to his followers by returning as a quiet citizen to the work which he found ready to his hands, as the president of a college. There he did his duty, but it is no mere figure of speech to say that his heart was broken. There are blows from which no man can recover—from which, indeed, he has no wish to recover—and death, when it came, was welcomed as a friend by General Lee.

It is at the close of the rebellion, as I have said, that one could almost desire that General Grant's career had likewise closed. There were further triumphs in store for him, but scarcely any great happiness, and no real addition to his honours. He had no ambition to launch out upon the stormy and dangerous sea of politics, and his fellow commander, Sherman, wrote to him a most sensible and manly letter, earnestly advising him to keep away from Washington. But the Republican party had no candidate to put before the country who was half so likely to win his way to the Presidency as General Grant, and in a rash moment, as I venture to think, he consented to serve. The same considerations obliged him to become a candidate for a second term of office, and he was elected only to find that new disappointments and mortifications awaited him. He had always been ac-

customed to place great dependence in men who had once served under him, or for whom he had taken a liking. This would have been an altogether admirable quality had his judgment of other men been infallible. But, in truth, it was far from that; he made great and ruinous mistakes, and he rarely could be brought to see his mistakes, even when irreparable mischief had been done. Hence arose all those scandals about "whisky rings" and "Indian rings" which threw so much reproach on his second administration. That the President himself was perfectly free from corruption most men believed at the time, and everybody admits now. He was not capable of wilfully committing a dishonourable act. Some of his followers were not so scrupulous, and the difficulty was that Grant could not be brought to see that his confidence had been betrayed. He had been bitterly attacked, and he thought that his subordinates were assailed merely because they were faithful to him. I remember him saying to me, in the midst of one of the worst of all the outcries against a member of his establishment, to whom he was much attached, but who was not worthy of that attachment, "Z. is only attacked because he is known to be my true friend. He has done nothing wrong. I do not care whom you put into his place, they would calumniate him in the same way to-morrow. They strike at me over his shoulder; I can stand it, but it shall do *him* no harm." He could not be brought to think that any one in whom he trusted might possibly deceive him. All his sad experience seems, in this respect, to have been thrown away upon him. The firm of fraudulent brokers who plundered him so mercilessly, and tried to strip him of his reputation after they had taken all his money, ought not to have deceived any man with even elementary ideas of business. Grant's credulity, when his confidence had once been secured, knew no bounds. This was the sole secret of all the mistakes in

his career as President of the United States. At Washington he was no longer in a position where taciturnity and self-reliance could carry him through all emergencies. He had to depend upon others; he was obliged to ask for advice, and even to act upon it. He liked to have men about him who could make themselves agreeable, for, in spite of his grim bearing and unsympathetic aspect, he was a warmhearted man, and enjoyed a little gaiety after office hours. He contributed not a little to this gaiety himself, by drawing upon a store of curious anecdotes of men whom he had known, or by remarks of a dry, sarcastic turn on the politicians or events of the day. No man could talk better when he was in the humour. He had a pleasant voice, and a simple, retiring manner, and was always ready to listen to any suggestions that were made to him by persons whom he respected. He had read a good deal, and thought even more, and he delighted in picking up information in the easiest of all modes—by converse with people who had made a special study of the subject he wished to understand. When he talked, no words were wasted, and the listener could never fail to be impressed with his profound common-sense. And yet, in spite of his common-sense, he fell so easy a prey to rascality. The truth is, he was not fit to cope with rascals. He had no distrust in his nature; he was not on the look-out for knavery. A New York clerk of eighteen would have seen through the glaring impostures of the firm which dragged him down to ruin. Yet Grant reposed so much faith in that wretched firm that he could go and ask for a loan of a large sum of money to help it, as he supposed, through difficulties which were practically insurmountable. No great man was ever before so miserably duped.

An ex-President of the United States does not occupy a very enviable position. One day the head of the Government, the next he is no

body. Unless he has some lucrative calling to which he can return, or private means upon which he can retire, he is a source of embarrassment to himself and to others. The politicians have had out of him all that they want, and he cannot very well "run" for an inferior office. In England we pension off old servants of the state—perhaps a little too freely. The ample salary which a man receives for doing his appointed work is not thought enough to enable him to spend his last days in comfort, and therefore, whether the holders of high offices are in or out of harness, they are well taken care of. The American people are not so generous. Their Presidents are dismissed without recognition of any kind. General Arthur, a man of the very highest character, has fortunately a good profession, and an excellent position in that profession, and he has gone back to his office from the White House as if nothing had happened. But when General Grant retired he could not return to the army, and he had no other occupation open to him. It was impossible that he should again set up in business as a tanner. He spent many months in making a tour of a large part of the world, and during his visit to England he saw nearly all our most distinguished public men, and formed his own opinions concerning them. I asked him one evening which of these men had struck him most. After a moment's consideration, he replied, "Mr. Disraeli. Your Mr. Gladstone talks the best—I never heard a man talk so well before—but Mr. Disraeli is more original. And then, you see, he does not say much. 'I never can make out why you did not keep Mexico when you had got it, General,' he said to me the first time I saw him. No more can I." But in his 'Memoirs,' I see that Grant condemns the Mexican war as unjust, and therefore he might have found a reason to give Mr. Disraeli for not treating Mexico after the fashion of Texas.

The "third term" project was not

dead when General Grant returned to the United States, but the American people looked upon it with great dislike. The Republican party, or a large section of it, desired to nominate Grant again; but the Convention at Chicago was much divided, and after even more than the usual doublings and turnings of the delegates, the choice fell upon General Garfield. Grant must now have known that political life was closed to him, and he undertook various commercial undertakings which turned out to be profitable. They were put into his way by friends who desired to serve him. A great deal of money doubtless passed through his hands at various times, although I never heard that his habits were extravagant. At any rate, he was better off, pecuniarily, at the close of 1883 than he had ever been before. General Badeau, who knew his chief's affairs better than any one outside his own family, states that Grant himself estimated his fortune at this time at a million of dollars. This, however, was chiefly in the air. He was only sixty-one, to all appearance in perfect health, happy in his surroundings, and engaged in "business which brought him in an ample income." Prosperity and contentment seemed to be assured to him. But everybody who has studied human history, whether in books or on the world's great stage, must have observed that it is precisely at these periods, when all is apparently going well, that the dark fates so frequently descend with their inexorable decrees, and darken all the sun of a man's life, and condemn him to struggle for the rest of his days amid the bitter waters of affliction. It was so with General Grant. An occurrence of evil omen befell him on Christmas Eve. He had reached his own door, when, in turning to pay a cabman, he fell upon the frozen pavement, and sustained an injury which was followed by an attack of pleurisy. From that time he was called upon to bid farewell to health and peace of mind. Already he had, at the solicitation of his son, joined the firm of

Ward and Fish, and put all his savings into it—about twenty thousand pounds. The affair seemed to go on prosperously—so prosperously that Grant, as his friend has said, thought he was worth a million of dollars. Everybody remembers the exposure that followed in May, 1884. One morning Grant went down to the office in Wall Street, and found that Ward had absconded, and that he and his children were utterly ruined. Only a few days before, Ward had induced him to borrow one hundred and fifty thousand dollars under the pretence that this sum would enable him to discharge some pressing claims upon a bank in which the firm had large deposits. Grant went to Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, of the New York Central Railway, who died so recently, and asked for the money as a loan. Thirty thousand pounds is a large sum, but Vanderbilt sat down and drew a cheque for it, and handed it to his visitor. The railroad king knew a few hours afterwards that Grant had been duped, and that his own money was lost, but he behaved throughout with the utmost generosity. He took possession of Grant's house and property, merely to protect them from other creditors. He nobly offered to make the whole over to Mrs. Grant, but the general refused. Grant had no idea at first that the firm with which his name had been identified existed upon sheer roguery. But all the papers were soon full of the shameful story. The famous soldier saw but too clearly that he had been used as a decoy by an abominable swindler. House, money, books, furniture, his swords, and other presents—the money of his children and many of his friends—everything was gone, including, as he thought, his honour. It was afterwards clearly seen that he had no complicity whatever in the frauds committed by his partners—that he was the chief of the sufferers, not in any way a culprit. The sympathy of the people went out to him; once more he rallied from enfeebled health and a wounded spirit, and he began

to believe that in time he might recover from this unmerited and disastrous blow.

But another great calamity was hanging over him. A few months after the failure of the firm, he began to complain of a pain in his throat. Gradually it grew worse; he could swallow nothing but liquid food; doctors were consulted, various opinions were given, and at last the dread fact could no longer be concealed that his disease was cancer. He had already begun to write his 'Memoirs,' urged on by the one hope which now remained to him—the hope of making some provision for his family in place of that which they had lost. But the torment which now visited him, day and night, obliged him to stop. He could not lie down without bringing on fits of choking; he would sit for hours, as General Badeau has said, "propped up in his chair, with his hands clasped, looking at the blank wall before him, silent, contemplating the future; not alarmed, but solemn, at the prospect of pain and disease, and only death at the end." Of all the soldiers who perished slowly of lingering wounds on battle-fields during the war, none suffered such protracted and cruel tortures as General Grant.

Then there came a change for the better. The kindly messages which were sent to him from all classes of his own countrymen, north and south, and which flowed in upon him from England—from the Queen herself—greatly cheered and consoled him. Again he set to work upon his book, determined to finish it before he died. He was further encouraged by the news that Congress had at last passed a bill placing him on the retired list of the army. His good name, he felt, was once more established. In June, 1884, he seemed to be a little better, but the great heat of the city distressed him, and a villa near Saratoga was offered to him by a friend. Thither he went, still bent upon finishing his book. He knew that he could not live. Several times

he had actually been at the point of death—once at least he had taken leave of those who were so dear to him. His unconquerable nature alone kept him alive. Three families, as we learn from his old aide-de-camp, were dependent upon him. If he could complete his 'Memoirs' over half a million dollars would be earned for his kindred. Again and again he took up his pencil and paper—for he could no longer dictate—and wrote, slowly and laboriously, as much as he could. No murmur escaped him. Great physical prostration, accompanied by inevitable mental depression, often assailed him, but he summoned all his energies, and came back from the very portals of the grave. That his children and grandchildren should not be left to the tender mercies of the world—this was the solitary boon he craved. And it was granted. He had time to write the last words of the last page, and then, on the twenty-third of July, the end came gently to him. With his wife and family still around him, he passed away as an over-wearied child might fall asleep.

Few men had known more of the vicissitudes of life. He had tasted all the sweets, such as they are, of wild and unbounded popularity; he had sunk into neglect; he had seen his reputation undergo total eclipse. In his declining years, and smitten with a fatal malady, he found himself reduced to penury, and obliged to begin the fight against want all over again. History may possibly decide that he is not to be ranked among the greatest of generals or the wisest of statesmen; but it will be obliged to acknowledge that he was the only man who proved himself able to bring a long and desperate civil war to an end; and it will do justice to the ardent patriotism which always animated him, and to the intrepid soul which refused to be crushed even when all his little world stood around him in ruins.

L. J. JENNINGS.

GEORGE BORROW.

IN this paper I do not undertake to throw any new light on the little-known life of the author of 'Lavengro.' I believe that there is ground for hoping that, among the few people who knew Borrow intimately, some one will soon be found who will give to the world an account of his curious life, and perhaps some specimens of those "mountains of manuscript" which, as he regretfully declares, never could find a publisher—an impossibility which, if I may be permitted to offer an opinion, does not reflect any great credit on publishers. For our present purpose it is sufficient to sum up the generally-known facts that Borrow was born in 1803 at East Dereham in Norfolk, his father being a captain in the army, who came of Cornish blood, his mother a lady of Norfolk birth and Huguenot extraction. His youth he has himself described in a fashion which nobody is likely to care to paraphrase. After the years of travel chronicled in 'Lavengro,' he seems to have found scope for his philological and adventurous tendencies in the rather unlikely service of the Bible Society; and he sojourned in Russia and Spain to the great advantage of English literature. This occupied him during the greater part of the years from 1830 to 1840. Then he came back to his native county—or, at any rate, his native district—married a widow of some property at Lowestoft, and spent the last forty years of his life at Oulton Hall, near the piece of water which is thronged in summer by all manner of sportsmen and others. He died but the other day; and even since his death he seems to have lacked the due meed of praise which the Lord Chief Justice of the equal foot usually brings even to persons far less deserving than Borrow.

There is this difficulty in writing about him, that the audience must necessarily consist of fervent devotees on the one hand, and of complete infidels, or at least complete know-nothings, on the other. To any one who, having the faculty to understand either, has read 'Lavengro' or 'The Bible in Spain,' or even 'Wild Wales,' praise bestowed on Borrow is apt to seem impertinence. To anybody else (and unfortunately the anybody else is in a large majority) praise bestowed on Borrow is apt to look like that very dubious kind of praise which is bestowed on somebody of whom no one but the praiser has ever heard. I cannot think of any single writer (Peacock himself is not an exception) who is in quite parallel case. And, as usual, there is a certain excuse for the general public. Borrow kept himself during not the least exciting period of English history quite aloof from English politics, and from the life of great English cities. But he did more than this. He is the only really considerable writer of his time in any modern European nation who seems to have taken absolutely no interest in current events, literary and other. Putting a very few allusions aside, he might have belonged to almost any period. His political idiosyncrasy will be noticed presently; but he who lived through the whole period from Waterloo to Maiwand has not, as far as I remember, mentioned a single English writer later than Scott and Byron. He saw the rise, and, in some instances, the death, of Tennyson, Thackeray, Macaulay, Carlyle, Dickens. There is not a reference to any one of them in his works. He saw political changes such as no man for two centuries had seen, and (except the Corn Laws, to which he has some half-ironical allusions, and

the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, which stirred his one active sentiment), he has referred to never a one. He seems in some singular fashion to have stood outside of all these things. His Spanish travels are dated for us by references to Doña Isabel, and Don Carlos, to Mr. Villiers, and Lord Palmerston. But cut these dates out, and they might be travels of the last century.

His Welsh book proclaims itself as written in the full course of the Crimean War; but excise a few passages which bear directly on that event, and the most ingenious critic would be puzzled to "place" the composition. Shakespeare, we know, was for all time, not of one age only; but I think we may say of Borrow, without too severely or conceitedly marking the difference, that he was not of or for any particular age or time at all. If the celebrated query in Longfellow's 'Hyperion,' "What is time?" had been addressed to him, his most appropriate answer, and one which he was quite capable of giving, would have been, "I really don't know."

To this singular historical vagueness has to be added a critical vagueness even greater. I am sorry that I am unable to confirm or to gainsay at first hand Borrow's wonderfully high estimate of certain Welsh poets. But if the originals are anything like his translations of them, I do not think that Ab Gwilym and Lewis Glyn Cothi, Gronwy Owen and Huw Morris can have been quite such mighty bards as he makes out. Fortunately, however, a better test presents itself. In one book of his, 'Wild Wales,' there are two estimates of Scott's works. Borrow finds in an inn a copy of 'Woodstock' (which he calls by its less known title of 'The Cavalier'), and decides that it is "trashy;" chiefly, it would appear, because the portrait therein contained of Harrison, for whom Borrow seems on one of his inscrutable principles of prejudice to have had a liking, is not wholly favourable. He afterwards informs us that Scott's 'Norman

Horseshoe' (no very exquisite song at the best, and among Scott's somewhat less than exquisite) is "one of the most stirring lyrics of modern times," and that he sang it for a whole evening; evidently because it recounts a defeat of the Normans, whom Borrow, as he elsewhere tells us in sundry places, disliked for reasons more or less similar to those which made him like Harrison, the butcher. In other words, he could not judge a work of literature as literature at all. If it expressed sentiments with which he agreed, or called up associations which were pleasant to him, good luck to it; if it expressed sentiments with which he did not agree, and called up no pleasant associations, bad luck.

In politics and religion this curious and very John Bullish unreason is still more apparent. I suppose Borrow may be called, though he does not call himself, a Tory. He certainly was an unfriend to Whiggery, and a hater of Radicalism. He seems to have given up even the Corn Laws with a certain amount of regret, and his general attitude is quite Eldonian. But he combined with his general Toryism very curious Radicalisms of detail, such as are to be found in Cobbett (who, as appeared at last, and as all reasonable men should have always known, was really a Tory of a peculiar type), and in several other English persons. The Church, the Monarchy, and the Constitution generally were dear to Borrow, but he hated all the aristocracy (except those whom he knew personally), and most of the gentry. Also, he had the odd Radical sympathy for anybody who, as the vernacular has it, was "kept out of his rights." I do not know, but I should think, that Borrow was a strong Tichbornite. In that curious book, 'Wild Wales,' where almost more of his real character appears than in any other, he has to do with the Crimean War. It was going on during the whole time of his tour, and he once or twice reports conversations in which, from his knowledge of Russia, he

demonstrated beforehand to Welsh inquirers how improbable, not to say impossible, it was that the Russian should be beaten. But the thing that seems really to have interested him most was the case of Lieutenant P—— or Lieutenant Parry, whom he sometimes alludes to in the fuller and sometimes in the less explicit manner. My own memories of 1854 are rather indistinct, and I confess that I have not taken the trouble to look up this celebrated case. As far as I can remember, and as far as Borrow's references here and elsewhere go, it was the doubtless lamentable but not uncommon case of a man who is difficult to live with, and who has to live with others. Such cases occur at intervals in every mess, college, and other similar aggregation of humanity. The person difficult to live with gets, as they say at Oxford, "drawn." If he is reformable he takes the lesson, and very likely becomes excellent friends with those who "drew" him. If he is not, he loses his temper, and evil results of one kind or another follow. Borrow's Lieutenant P—— seems unluckily to have been of the latter kind, and was, if I mistake not, recommended by the authorities to withdraw from a situation which to him was evidently a false and unsuitable one. With this Borrow could not away. He gravely chronicles the fact of his reading an "excellent article in a local paper on the case of Lieutenant P——;" and with no less gravity (though he was, in a certain way, one of the first humorists of our day) he suggests that the complaints of the martyred P—— to the Almighty were probably not unconnected with our Crimean disasters. This curious parochialism pursues him into more purely religious matters. I do not know any other really great man of letters of the last three-quarters of a century of whose attitude Carlyle's famous words, "regarding God's universe as a larger patrimony of Saint Peter, from which it were well and pleasant to hunt the Pope," are so

literally true. It was not in Borrow's case a case of *sancta simplicitas*. He has at times flashes of by no means orthodox sentiment, and seems to have fought, and perhaps hardly won, many a battle against the army of the doubters. But when it comes to the Pope, he is as single-minded an enthusiast as John Bunyan himself, whom, by the way, he resembles in more than one point. The attitude was, of course, common enough among his contemporaries; indeed any man who has come to forty years must remember numerous examples among his own friends and kindred. But in literature, and such literature as Borrow's, it is rare.

Yet again, the curiously piecemeal, and the curiously arbitrary character of Borrow's literary studies in languages other than his own, is noteworthy in so great a linguist. The entire range of French literature, old as well as new, he seems to have ignored altogether—I should imagine out of pure John Bullishness. He has very few references to German, though he was a good German scholar—a fact which I account for by the other fact, that in his earlier literary period German was fashionable, and that he never would have anything to do with anything that fashion favoured. Italian, though he certainly knew it well, is equally slighted. His education, if not his taste for languages, must have made him a tolerable (he never could have been an exact) classical scholar. But it is clear that insolent Greece and haughty Rome exerted no attraction upon him. I question whether even Spanish would not have been too common a toy to attract him much if it had not been for the accidental circumstances which connected him with Spain.

Lastly (for I love to get my devil's advocate work over), in Borrow's varied and strangely attractive gallery of portraits and characters, most observers must perceive the absence of the note of passion. I have sometimes tried to think that miraculous episode

of Isopel Berners and the Armenian verbs, with the whole sojourn of Lavenegro in the dingle, a mere wayward piece of irony—a kind of conscious ascetic myth. But I am afraid the interpretation will not do. The subsequent conversation with Ursula Petulengro under the hedge might be only a companion piece; even the more wonderful, though much less interesting, dialogue with the Irish girl in the last chapters of 'Wild Wales' might be so rendered by a hardy exegete. But the negative evidence in all the books is too strong. It may be taken as positively certain that Borrow never was "in love," as the phrase is, and that he had hardly the remotest conception of what being in love means. It is possible that he was a most cleanly liver—it is possible that he was quite the reverse: I have not the slightest information either way. But that he never in all his life heard with understanding the refrain of the 'Pervigilium'—

*Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique
amavit cras amet,*

I take as certain.

The foregoing remarks have, I think, summed up all Borrow's defects, and it will be observed that even these defects have the attraction for the most part of a certain strangeness and oddity. If they had not been accompanied by great and peculiar merits he would not have emerged from the category of the merely bizarre, where he might have been left without further attention. But, as a matter of fact, all, or almost all, of his defects are not only counterbalanced by merits, but are themselves for the most part exaggerations or perversions of what is in itself meritorious. With less wilfulness, with more attention to the literature, the events, the personages of his own time, with a more critical and common-sense attitude towards his own crochets, Borrow could hardly have wrought out for himself (as he has to an extent hardly paralleled by any

other prose writer who has not deliberately chosen supernatural or fantastic themes) the region of fantasy, neither too real nor too historical, which Joubert thought proper to the poet. Strong and vivid as Borrow's drawing of places and persons is, he always contrives to throw in touches which somehow give the whole the air of being rather a vision than a fact. Never was such a John-a-Dreams as this solid, pugilistic John Bull. Part of this literary effect of his is due to his quaint habit of avoiding, where he can, the mention of proper names. The description, for instance, of Old Sarum and Salisbury itself in 'Lavenegro' is sufficient to identify them to the most careless reader, even if the name of Stonehenge had not occurred on the page before; but they are not named. The description of Bettws-y-Coed in 'Wild Wales,' though less poetical, is equally vivid. Yet here it would be quite possible for a reader, who did not know the place and its relation to other named places, to pass without any idea of the actual spot. It is the same with his frequent references to his beloved city of Norwich, and his less frequent references to his later home at Oulton. A paraphrase, an innuendo, a word to the wise he delights in, but anything perfectly clear and precise he abhors. And by this means and others, which it might be tedious to trace out too closely, he succeeds in throwing the same cloudy vagueness over times as well as places and persons. A famous passage—perhaps the best known, and not far from the best he ever wrote—about Byron's funeral, fixes, of course, the date of the wondrous facts or fictions recorded in 'Lavenegro' to a nicety. Yet who, as he reads it and its sequel (for the separation of 'Lavenegro' and 'The Romany Rye' is merely arbitrary, though the second book is, as a whole, less interesting than the former), ever thinks of what was actually going on in the very positive and prosaic England of 1824-5? The later chapters of 'Lavenegro' are the

only modern 'Romance of Adventure' that I know. The hero goes "overthwart and endlong," just like the figures whom all readers know in Malory, and some in his originals. I do not know that it would be more surprising if Borrow had found Sir Ozana dying at the chapel in Lyonesse, or had seen the full function of the Grail, though fear he would have protested against that as popish. Without any apparent art, certainly without the elaborate apparatus which most prose tellers of fantastic tales use, and generally fail in using, Borrow spirits his readers at once away from mere reality. If his events are frequently as odd as a dream, they are always as perfectly commonplace and real for the moment as the events of a dream are—a little fact which the above-mentioned tellers of the above-mentioned fantastic stories are too apt to forget. It is in this natural romantic gift that Borrow's greatest charm lies. But it is accompanied and nearly equalled both in quality and degree by a faculty for dialogue. Except Defoe and Dumas, I cannot think of any novelists who contrive to tell a story in dialogue and to keep up the ball of conversation so well as Borrow; while he is considerably the superior of both in pure style and in the literary quality of his talk. Borrow's humour, though it is of the general class of the older English—that is to say, the pre-Addisonian humorists—is a species quite by itself. It is rather narrow in range, a little garrulous, busied very often about curiously small matters, but wonderfully observant and true, and possessing a quaint dry savour as individual as that of some wines. A characteristic of this kind probably accompanies the romantic Ethos more commonly than superficial judges both of life and literature are apt to suppose; but the conjunction is nowhere seen better than in Borrow. Whether humour can or cannot exist without a disposition to satire co-existing, is one of those abstract points of criticism for

which the public of the present day has little appetite. It is certain (and that is what chiefly concerns us for the present) that the two were not dissociated in Borrow. His purely satirical faculty was very strong indeed, and probably if he had lived a less retired life it would have found fuller exercise. At present the most remarkable instance of it which exists is the inimitable portrait-caricature of the learned Unitarian, generally known as "Taylor of Norwich." I have somewhere (I think it was in Miss Martineau's 'Autobiography') seen this reflected on as a flagrant instance of ingratitude and ill-nature. The good Harriet, among whose numerous gifts nature had not included any great sense of humour, naturally did not perceive the artistic justification of the sketch, which I do not hesitate to call one of the most masterly things of the kind in literature.

Another Taylor, the well-known French baron of that name, is much more mildly treated, though with little less skill of portraiture. As for "the publisher" of 'Lavengro,' the portrait there, though very clever, is spoilt by rather too much evidence of personal animus, and by the absence of redeeming strokes; but it shows the same satiric power as the sketch of the worthy student of German who has had the singular ill-fortune to have his books quizzed by Carlyle, and himself quizzed by Borrow. It is a strong evidence of Borrow's abstraction from general society that with this satiric gift, and evidently with a total freedom from scruple as to its application, he should have left hardly anything else of the kind. It is indeed impossible to ascertain how much of the abundant character-drawing in his four chief books (all of which, be it remembered, are autobiographic and professedly historical) is fact and how much fancy. It is almost impossible to open them anywhere without coming upon personal sketches, more or less elaborate, in which the satiric touch is rarely

wanting. The official admirer of "the grand Baintham" at remote Corcubion, the end of all the European world; the treasure-seeker, Benedict Mol; the priest at Cordova, with his revelations about the Holy Office; the Gibraltar Jew, are only a few figures out of the abundant gallery of 'The Bible in Spain.' 'Lavengro,' besides the capital and full-length portraits above referred to, is crowded with others hardly inferior, among which only one failure, the disguised priest with the mysterious name, is to be found. Not that even he has not good strokes and plenty of them, but that Borrow's prejudices prevented his hand from being free. But Jasper Petulengro, and Mrs. Hearne, and the girl Leonora, and Isopel, that vigorous and slighted maid, and dozens of minor figures, of whom more presently, atone for him. 'The Romany Rye' adds only minor figures to the gallery, because the major figures have appeared before; while the plan and subject of 'Wild Wales' also exclude anything more than vignettes. But what admirable vignettes they are, and how constantly bitten in with satiric spirit all lovers of Borrow know.

It is, however, perhaps time to give some more exact account of the books thus familiarly and curiously referred to; for Borrow most assuredly is not "a popular writer." I do not know whether his death, as often happens, sent readers to his books. But I know for a fact that not long before it 'Lavengro,' 'The Romany Rye,' and 'Wild Wales' were only in their third edition, though the first was nearly thirty, and the last nearly twenty, years old. 'The Bible in Spain' had, at any rate in its earlier days, a wider sale, but I do not think that even it is very generally known. I should doubt whether the total number sold during more than forty years of volumes surpassed for interest of incident, style, character and description by few books of the century, has equalled the sale within

any one of the last few years of a fairly popular book by any fairly popular novelist of to-day. It probably would not approach a tenth or a twentieth of the sale of such a thing as 'Called Back.' And there is not the obstacle to Borrow's popularity that there is to that of some other writers, notably the already-mentioned author of 'Crotchet Castle.' No extensive literary cultivation is necessary to read him. A good deal even of his peculiar charm may be missed by a prosaic or inattentive reader, and yet enough will remain. But he has probably paid the penalty of all originality, which allows itself to be mastered by quaintness, and which refuses to meet public taste at least half way. It is certainly difficult at times to know what to make of Borrow. And the general public, perhaps excusably, is apt not to like things or persons when it does not know what to make of them.

Borrow's literary work, even putting aside the "mountains of manuscript" which he speaks of as unpublished, was not inconsiderable. There were, in the first place, his translations, which, though no doubt not without value, do not much concern us here. There is, secondly, his early hack work, his 'Chaines de l'Esclavage,' which also may be neglected. Thirdly, there are his philological speculations or compilations, the chief of which is, I believe, his 'Romano-Lavo-Lil,' the latest published of his works. But Borrow, though an extraordinary linguist, was a somewhat unchastened philologist, and the results of his life-long philological studies appear to much better advantage from the literary than from the scientific point of view. Then there is 'The Gypsies in Spain,' a very interesting book of its kind, marked throughout with Borrow's characteristics, but for literary purposes merged to a great extent in 'The Bible in Spain.' And, lastly, there are the four original books, as they may be called, which, at great leisure, and writing simply because he

chose to write, Borrow produced during the twenty years of his middle age. He was in his fortieth year when, in 1842, he published 'The Bible in Spain.' 'Lavengro' came nearly ten years later, and coincided with (no doubt it was partially stimulated by) the ferment over the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. Its second part, 'The Romany Rye,' did not appear for six years, that is to say, in 1857, and its resuscitation of quarrels, which the country had quite forgotten (and when it remembered them was rather ashamed of), must be pronounced unfortunate. Last came 'Wild Wales,' in 1862, the characteristically belated record of a tour in the principality during the year of the Crimean War. On these four books Borrow's literary fame rests. His other works are interesting because they were written by the author of these, or because of their subjects, or because of the effect they had on other men of letters, notably Longfellow and Mérimée, on the latter of whom Borrow had an especially remarkable influence. These four are interesting of themselves.

The earliest has, I believe been, and for reasons quite apart from its biblical subject perhaps deserves to be, the greatest general favourite, though its literary value is a good deal below that of 'Lavengro.' 'The Bible in Spain' records the journeys, which, as an agent of the Bible Society, Borrow took through the Peninsula at a singularly interesting time, the disturbed years of the early reign of Isabel Segunda. Navarre and Aragon, with Catalonia, Valencia and Murcia, he seems to have left entirely unvisited; I suppose because of the Carlists. Nor did he attempt the southern part of Portugal; but Castile and Leon, with the north of Portugal and the south of Spain, he quartered in the most interesting manner, riding everywhere with his servant and his saddle-bag of Testaments at, I should suppose, a considerable cost to the subscribers of the Society and it may be hoped, at some gain to the propagation of evan-

gelical principles in the Peninsula, but certainly with the results of extreme satisfaction to himself and of a very delightful addition to English literature. He was actually imprisoned at Madrid, and was frequently in danger from Carlists and brigands, and severely orthodox ecclesiastics. It is possible to imagine a more ideally perfect missionary; but it is hardly possible to imagine a more ideally perfect traveller. His early habits of roughing it, his gipsy initiation, his faculties as a linguist, and his other faculties as a born vagrant, certain to fall on his feet anywhere, were all called into operation. But he might have had all these advantages and yet lacked the extraordinary literary talent which the book reveals. In the first chapter there is a certain stiffness; but the passage of the Tagus in the second must have told every competent reader in 1842 that he had somebody to read quite different from the run of common writers, and thenceforward the book never flags till the end. How far the story is rigidly historical I should be very sorry to have to decide. The author makes a kind of apology in his preface for the amount of fact which has been supplied from memory. I dare say the memory was quite trustworthy, and certainly adventures are to the adventurous. We have had daring travellers enough during the last half century, but I do not know that any one has ever had quite such a romantic experience as Borrow's ride across the Hispano-Portuguese frontier with a gipsy *contrabandista*, who was at the time a very particular object of police inquiry. I dare say the interests of the Bible Society required the adventurous journey to the wilds of Finis-terra. But I feel that if that association had been a mere mundane company and Borrow its agent, troublesome shareholders might have asked awkward questions at the annual meeting. Still, this sceptical attitude is only part of the official duty of the critic, just as, of course, Borrow's

adventurous journeys into the most remote and interesting parts of Spain were part of the duty of the colporteur. The book is so delightful that, except when duty calls, no one would willingly take any exception to any part or feature of it. The constant change of scene, the romantic episodes of adventure, the kaleidoscope of characters, the crisp dialogue, the quaint reflection and comment relieve each other without a break. I do not know whether it is really true to Spain and Spanish life, and, to tell the exact truth, I do not in the least care. If it is not Spanish it is remarkably human and remarkably literary, and those are the chief and principal things.

'Lavengro,' which followed, has all the merits of its predecessor and more. It is a little spoilt in its later chapters by the purpose, the antipapal purpose, which appears still more fully in 'The Romany Rye.' But the strong and singular individuality of its flavour as a whole would have been more than sufficient to carry off a greater fault. There are, I should suppose, few books the successive pictures of which leave such an impression on the reader who is prepared to receive that impression. The word picture is here rightly used, for in all Borrow's books more or less, and in this particularly, the narrative is anything but continuous. It is a succession of dissolving views which grow clear and distinct for a time and then fade off into a vagueness before once more appearing distinctly; nor has this mode of dealing with a subject ever been more successfully applied than in 'Lavengro.' At the same time the mode is one singularly difficult of treatment by any reviewer. To describe 'Lavengro' with any chance of distinctness to those who have not read it, it would be necessary to give a series of sketches in words, like those famous ones of the pictures in 'Jane Eyre.' East Dereham, the Viper Collector, the French Prisoners at Norman Cross, the Gipsy Encampment,

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the Sojourn in Edinburgh (with a passing view of Scotch schoolboys only inferior, as everything is, to Sir Walter's history of Green-breeks), the Irish Sojourn, with the horse whispering and the "dog of peace," the settlement in Norwich with Borrow's compulsory legal studies and his very uncompulsory excursions into Italian, Hebrew, Welsh, Scandinavian, anything that obviously would not pay, the new meeting with the gipsies in the castle field, the fight—only the first of many excellent fights—these are but a few of the memories which rise to every reader of even the early chapters of this extraordinary book, and they do not cover its first hundred pages in the common edition. Then his father dies and the born vagrant is set loose for vagrancy. He goes to London, with a stock of translations which is to make him famous, and a recommendation from Taylor of Norwich to "the publisher." The publisher exacted something more than his pound of flesh in the form of Newgate Lives and review articles, and paid, when he did pay, in bills of uncertain date which were very likely to be protested. But Borrow won through it all, making odd acquaintances with a young man of fashion (his least life-like sketch); with an apple-seller on London Bridge, who was something of a "fence" and had erected Moll Flanders (surely the oddest patroness ever so selected) into a kind of patron saint; with a mysterious Armenian merchant of vast wealth, whom the young man, according to his own account, finally put on a kind of filibustering expedition against both the Sublime Porte and the White Czar, for the restoration of Armenian independence. I do not know whether there is any record of the result: perhaps Mr. Hagopian will tell us when he next writes to the 'Times.' At last, out of health with perpetual work and low living, out of employ, his friends beyond call, he sees destruction before him, writes 'The Life and Adventures of Joseph Sell' (name of fortunate

omen!) almost at a heat and on a capital, fixed and floating, of eighteen-pence, and disposes of it for twenty pounds by the special providence of the Muses. With this twenty pounds his journey into the blue distance begins. He travels partly by coach to (I suppose Amesbury, at any rate) somewhere near Salisbury, and gives the first of the curiously unfavourable portraits of stage coachmen, which remain to check Dickens's rose-coloured representations (no pun is intended) of Mr. Weller and his brethren. I incline to think that Borrow's was likely to be the truest picture. According to him, the average stage coachman was anything but an amiable character, greedy, insolent to all but persons of wealth and rank, a hanger-on of those who might claim either; bruiser enough to be a bully but not enough to be anything more; in short, one of the worst products of civilisation. From civilisation itself, however, Borrow soon disappears, at least as any traceable signs go. He journeys not farther west, but northwards into the West Midlands and the marshes of Wales. He buys a tinker's beat and fit-out from a feeble vessel of the craft, who has been expelled by "the Flaming Tinman," a half-gipsy of robustious behaviour. He is met by old Mrs. Hearne, the mother-in-law of his gipsy friend Jasper Petulengro, who resents a Gorgio's initiation in gipsy ways, and very nearly poisons him by the wily aid of her granddaughter Leonora. He recovers, thanks to a Welsh travelling preacher and to castor oil. And then when the Welshman has left him comes the climax and turning point of the whole story, the great fight with Jem Bosvile, "the Flaming Tinman." The much abused adjective Homeric belongs in sober strictness to this immortal battle, which has the additional interest not thought of by Homer (for goddesses do not count) that Borrow's second and guardian angel is a young woman of great attractions and severe morality, Miss Isopel (or Belle) Berners, whose

extraction, allowing for the bar sinister, is honourable, and who, her hands being fully able to keep her head, has sojourned without ill fortune in "the Flaming Tinman's" very disreputable company. Bosvile, vanquished by pluck and good fortune rather than strength, flees the place with his wife. Isopel remains behind and the couple take up their joint residence, a residence of perfect propriety, in this dingle, the exact locality of which I have always longed to know, that I might make an autumnal pilgrimage to it. Isopel, Brynhild as she is, would apparently have had no objection to be honourably wooed. But her eccentric companion confines himself to teaching her "I love," in Armeanian, which she finds unsatisfactory; and she at last departs, leaving a letter which tells Mr. Borrow some home truths. But before this catastrophe has been reached, 'Lavengro' itself ends with a more startling abruptness than perhaps any nominally complete book before or since.

It would be a little interesting to know whether the continuation, 'The Romany Rye,' which opens as if there had been no break whatever, was written continuously or with a break. At any rate its opening chapters contain the finish of the lamentable history of Belle Berners, which must induce every reader of sensibility to trust that Borrow, in writing it, was only indulging in his very considerable faculty of perverse romancing. The chief argument to the contrary is, that surely no man, however imbued with romantic perversity, would have made himself cut so poor a figure as Borrow here does without cause. The gipsies re-appear to save the situation, and a kind of minor Belle Berners drama is played out with Ursula, Jasper's sister. Then the story takes another of its abrupt turns. Jasper, half in generosity it would appear, half in waywardness, insists on Borrow purchasing a thorough-bred horse which is for sale, advances the money, and despatches him across England to Horn-

castle Fair to sell it. The usual Le Sage-like adventures occur, the oddest of which is the hero's residence for some considerable time as clerk and storekeeper at a great roadside inn. At last he reaches Horncastle, sells the horse to advantage, and the story closes as abruptly and mysteriously almost as that of Lavengro, by a long and in parts, it must be confessed, rather dull conversation between the hero, the Hungarian who has bought the horse, and the dealer who has acted as go-between. This dealer in honour of Borrow, of whom he has heard through the gypsies, executes the wasteful and very meaningless ceremony of throwing two bottles of old rose champagne, at a guinea a-piece, through the window. Even this is too dramatic a finale for Borrow's unconquerable singularity, and he adds a short dialogue between himself and a recruiting sergeant. And after this again there comes an appendix containing an *apologia* for 'Lavengro,' a great deal more polemic against Romanism, some historical views of more originality than exactness, and a diatribe against gentility, Scotchmen, Scott, and other black beasts of Borrow's. This appendix has received from some professed admirers of the author a great deal more attention than it deserves. In the first place, it was evidently written in a fit of personal pique; in the second, it is chiefly argumentative, and Borrow had absolutely no argumentative faculty. That it contains a great deal of quaint and piquant writing is only to say that its writer wrote it, and though the description of "Charlie-over-the-waterism" probably does not apply to any being who ever lived, except to a few schoolgirls of both sexes, it has a strong infusion of Borrow's satiric gift. As for the diatribes against gentility, Borrow has only done very clumsily what Thackeray had done long before without clumsiness. It can escape nobody who has read his books with a seeing eye that he was himself exceedingly proud, not

merely of being a gentleman in the ethical sense, but of being one in the sense of station and extraction—which, by the way, the decriers of British snobbishness usually are, so that no special blame attaches to Borrow for the inconsistency. Only let it be understood, once for all, that to describe him as "the apostle of the ungenteel" is either to speak in riddles or quite to misunderstand his real merits and abilities.

I believe that some of the small but fierce tribe of Borrowians are inclined to resent the putting of the last of this remarkable series, 'Wild Wales,' on a level with the other three. With such I can by no means agree. 'Wild Wales' has not, of course, the charm of unfamiliar scenery and the freshness of youthful impression which distinguish 'The Bible in Spain'; it does not attempt anything like the novel-interest of 'Lavengro' and 'The Romany Rye'; and though, as has been pointed out above, something of Borrow's secret and mysterious way of indicating places survives, it is a pretty distinct itinerary over great part of the actual principality. I have followed most of its tracks on foot myself, and nobody who wants a Welsh guide-book can take a pleasanter one, though he might easily find one much less erratic. It may thus have, to superficial observers, a positive and prosaic flavour as compared with the romantic character of the other three. But this distinction is not real. The tones are a little subdued, as was likely to be the case with an elderly gentleman of fifty, travelling with his wife and step-daughter, and not publishing the record of his travels till he was nearly ten years older. The localities are traceable on the map and in Murray, instead of being the enchanted dingles and the half-mythical woods of 'Lavengro.' The personages of the former books return no more, though with one of his most excellent touches of art, the author has suggested the contrast of youth and age by a single gipsy interview

in one of the later chapters. Borrow, like all sensible men, was at no time indifferent to good food and drink, especially good ale; but the trencher plays in 'Wild Wales' a part, the importance of which may perhaps have shocked some of our latter-day delicates, to whom strong beer is a word of loathing, and who wonder how on earth our grandfathers and fathers used to dispose of "black strap." A very different set of readers may be repelled by the strong literary colour of the book, which is almost a Welsh anthology in parts. But those few who can boast themselves to find the whole of a book, not merely its parts, and to judge it when found, will, I think, be not least fond of 'Wild Wales.' If they have, as every reader of Borrow should have, the spirit of the roads upon them, and are never more happy than when journeying on "Shanks his mare," they will, of course, have in addition a private and personal love for it. It is, despite the interludes of literary history, as full of Borrow's peculiar conversational gift as any of its predecessors. Its thumbnail sketches, if somewhat more subdued and less elaborate, are not less full of character. John Jones, the Dissenting weaver, who served Borrow at once as a guide and a whetstone of Welsh in the neighbourhood of Llangollen; the "kenfigenous" Welsh-woman who first, but by no means last, exhibited the curious local jealousy of a Welsh-speaking Englishman; the doctor and the Italian barometer-seller at Cerrig-y-Drudion; the "best Pridydd of the world" in Anglesey, with his unlucky addiction to beer and flattery; the waiter at Bala; the "ecclesiastical cat" (a cat worthy to rank with those of Southey and Gautier); the characters of the walk across the hills from Machynlleth to the Devil's Bridge; the scene at the public-house on the Glamorgan border, where the above-mentioned jealousy comes out so strongly; the mad Irishwoman, Johanna Colgan (a

masterpiece by herself); and the Irish girl, with her hardly inferior history of the faction-fights of Scotland Road (which Borrow, by a mistake, has put in Manchester instead of in Liverpool); these make a list which I have written down merely as they occurred to me, without opening the book, and without prejudice to another list nearly as long which might be added. 'Wild Wales,' too, because of its easy and direct opportunity of comparing its description with the originals, is particularly valuable as showing how sober, and yet how forcible Borrow's descriptions are. As to incident, one often, as before, suspects him of romancing, and it stands to reason that his dialogue, written long after the event, must be full of the "cocked-hat-and-sword" style of narrative. But his description, while it has all the vividness, has also all the faithfulness and sobriety of the best landscape-painting. See a place which Kingsley or Mr. Ruskin, or some other master of our decorative school, have described—much more one which has fallen into the hands of the small fry of their imitators—and you are almost sure to find that it has been overdone. This is never, or hardly ever, the case with Borrow, and it is so rare a merit, when it is found in a man who does not shirk description where necessary, that it deserves to be counted to him at no grudging rate.

But there is no doubt that the distinguished feature of the book is its survey of Welsh poetical literature. I have already confessed that I am not qualified to judge the accuracy of Borrow's translations, and by no means disposed to overvalue them. But any one who takes an interest in literature at all, must, I think, feel that interest not a little excited by the curious Old Mortality-like peregrinations which the author of 'Wild Wales' made to the birth-place, or the burial-place as it might be, of bard after bard, and by the short but masterly accounts which he gives of the objects of his search. Of none of the numerous

subjects of his linguistic roivings does Borrow seem to have been fonder, putting Romany aside, than of Welsh. He learnt it in a peculiarly contraband manner originally, which, no doubt, endeared it to him; it was little known to and often ridiculed by most Englishmen, which was another attraction; and it was extremely unlikely to "pay" in any way, which was a third. Perhaps he was not such an adept in it, as he would have us believe—the respected Cymmrodorion Society or Professor Rhys must settle that. But it needs no knowledge of Welsh whatever to perceive the genuine enthusiasm, and the genuine range of his acquaintance with the language from the purely literary side. When he tells us that Ab Gwilym was a greater poet than Ovid or Chaucer I feel considerable doubts whether he was quite competent to understand Ovid and little or no doubt that he has done wrong to Chaucer. But when, leaving these idle comparisons, he luxuriates in details about Ab Gwilym himself, and his poems, and his lady loves, and so forth, I have no doubt about Borrow's appreciation (casual prejudices always excepted) of literature. Nor is the charm which he has added to Welsh scenery by this constant identification of it with the men, and the deeds, and the words of the past to be easily exaggerated.

Little has been said hitherto of Borrow's more purely, or if anybody prefers the word formally, literary characteristics. They are sufficiently interesting. He unites with a general plainness of speech and writing, not unworthy of Defoe or Cobbett, a very odd and complicated mannerism, which, as he had the wisdom to make it the seasoning and not the main substance of his literary fare, is never disgusting. The secret of this may be, no doubt, in part sought in his early familiarity with a great many foreign languages, some of whose idioms he transplanted into English, but this is by no means the whole of the receipt. Perhaps it is useless to examine analytically that receipt's details, or rather (for the

analysis may be said to be compulsory on any one who calls himself a critic), useless to offer its results to the reader. One point which can escape no one who reads with his eyes open is the frequent, yet not too abundant repetition of the same or very similar words—a point wherein much of the style of persons so dissimilar as Carlyle, Borrow, and Thackeray consists. This is a well-known fact—so well-known indeed that when a person who desires to acquire style hears of it, he often goes and does likewise, with what result all reviewers know. The peculiarity of Borrow as far as I can mark it, is that, despite his strong mannerism, he never relies on it as too many others, great and small, are wont to do. His character sketches, of which, as I have said, he is so abundant a master, are always put in the plainest and simplest English. So are his flashes of ethical reflection, which, though like all ethical reflections often one-sided, are of the first order of insight. I really do not know that, in the mint and anise and cummin order of criticism, I have more than one charge to make against Borrow. That is that he, like other persons of his own and the immediately preceding time, is wont to make a most absurd misuse of the word individual. With Borrow "individual" means simply "person": a piece of literary gentility of which he of all others ought to have been ashamed.

But such criticism would be peculiarly out of place in the case of Borrow—whose attraction is one neither mainly nor in any very great degree one of pure form. His early critics compared him, and the comparison is natural, to Le Sage. It was natural I say, but it was not extraordinarily critical. Both men wrote of vagabonds, and to some extent of picaroons; both neglected the conventionalities of their own language and literature; both had a singular knowledge of human nature. But Le Sage is one of the most impersonal of all great writers, and Borrow is one of the most personal. And it

is undoubtedly in the revelation of his personality that great part of his charm lies. It is, as has been fully acknowledged, a one-sided wrong-headed not always quite right-hearted personality. But it is intensely English, possessing at the same time a certain strain of romance which the other John Bulls of literature mostly lack, and which John Bunyan, the king of them all, only reached within the limits, still more limited than Borrow's, of purely religious, if not purely ecclesiastical, interests. A born grumbler; a person with an intense appetite for the good things of this life; profoundly impressed with and at the same time sceptically critical of the bad or good things of another life; apt, as he somewhere says himself, "to hit people when he is not pleased"; illogical; constantly right in general despite his extremely roundabout ways of reaching his conclusion; sometimes absurd, and yet full of humour; alternately prosaic and capable of the highest poetry; George Borrow, Cornishman on the father's side and Huguenot on the mother's, managed to display in perfection most of the characteristics of what once was, and let us hope has not quite ceased to be, the English type. If he had a slight overdose of Celtic blood and Celtic peculiarity, it was more than made up by the readiness of literary expression which it gave him. He, if any one, bore an English heart, though, as there often has been, there was something perhaps more than English as well as less than it in his fashion of expression.

To conclude, Borrow has — what after all is the chief mark of a great writer — distinction. "Try to be like somebody," said the unlucky critic-bookseller to Lamartine; and he has been gibbeted for it very justly for the best part of a century. It must be admitted that "try not to be like other people," though a much more fashionable is likely to be quite as disastrous a recommendation. But the great writers, whether they try to be like other people or try not to be

like them (and sometimes in the first case most of all), succeed only in being themselves, and that is what Borrow does. His attraction is rather complex, and different parts of it may, and no doubt do, appeal with differing force to this and that reader. One may be fascinated by his pictures of an unconventional and open air life, the very possibilities of which are to a great extent lost in our days, though patches of ground here and there in England (notably the tracts of open ground between Cromer and Wells in Borrow's own county) still recall them. To others he may be attractive for his sturdy patriotism, or his adventurous and wayward spirit, or his glimpses of superstition and romance. The racy downrightnes of his talk; the axioms, such as that to the Welsh alewife, "The goodness of ale depends less upon who brews it than upon what it is brewed of"; or the sarcastic touches as that of the dapper shopkeeper, who, regarding the funeral of Byron, observed, "I too, am frequently unhappy," each and all may have their votaries. His literary devotion to literature would, perhaps, of itself attract few; for, as has been hinted, it partook very much of the character of will-worship, and there are few people who like any will-worship in letters except their own; but it adds to the general attraction no doubt in the case of many. That neither it, nor any of his other claims, has yet forced itself as it should on the general public is an undoubted fact; not very difficult, perhaps, to understand, though rather difficult fully to explain, at least without some air of superior knowingness and taste. Yet he has, as has been said, his devotees, and I think they are likely rather to increase than to decrease. He wants editing, for his allusive fashion of writing probably makes a great part of him nearly unintelligible to those who have not from their youth up devoted themselves to the acquisition of useless knowledge. There ought to be a good life of him, of which, I believe,

there is at last some chance. The great mass of his translations, published and unpublished, and the smaller mass of his early hackwork, no doubt deserves judicious excerption. If professed philologists were not even more ready than most other specialists each to excommunicate all the others except himself and his own particular Johnny Dods of Farthing's Acre, it would be rather interesting to hear what some modern men of many languages have to say to Borrow's linguistic achievements. But all these things are only desirable embellishments and assistances. His real claims and his real attractions are comprised in four small volumes, the purchase of which, under modern arrangements of booksellers, leaves some change out of a sovereign, and which will about half fill the ordinary bag used for briefs and dynamite. It is not a large literary baggage, and it does not attempt any very varied literary kinds. If not exactly a novelist in any one of his books, Borrow is a romancer in the true and

not the ironic sense of the word in all of them. He has not been approached in merit by any romancer who has published books in our days, except Charles Kingsley; and his work, if less varied in range and charm than Kingsley's, has a much stronger and more concentrated flavour. Moreover, he is the one English writer of our time, and perhaps of times still farther back, who never seems to have tried to be anything but himself; who went his own way all his life long with complete indifference to what the public or the publishers liked, as well as to what canons of literary form and standards of literary perfection seemed to indicate as best worth aiming at. A most self-sufficient person was Borrow, in the good and ancient sense, as well as to some extent in the bad and modern sense. And what is more, he was not only a self-sufficient person, but very sufficient also to the tastes of all those who love good English and good literature.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY

THE POETIC IMAGINATION.

"Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality."

SHELLEY.

PHYSIOLOGISTS would, I suppose, tell us that imagination is a reflex action of the brain, a definition more concise than helpful. It is to the psychologists that we shall more naturally look for assistance on this subject. According to the most recent English work on the subject, Mr. Sully's 'Outlines of Psychology,' imagination is the picturing of objects and events in what are called images. If, he says, the images are exact copies of past impressions, the process is called reproductive imagination, or memory. If, on the other hand, the images are modifications or transformations of past impressions, the process is marked off as productive or constructive imagination. This latter process, Mr. Sully points out, answers roughly to the popular term imagination. But, as he says, this kind of imagination not only transforms or idealises past impressions, it also works them up into new imaginative products. Further, he might have added, imagination is interpretative; it interprets the facts of the world of sense, or, in Wordsworth's phrase, it explains "the moral property and scope of things."

If, then, we take into account these three functions of the imagination, shall we not pronounce that there is after all more similarity than dissimilarity between the memory and the imagination? Shall we not say that memory is concerned with what is old, imagination with what is new; that memory is reproductive, imagination productive; that memory is imitative, imagination original? Allowing then for the obvious metaphor in the use of the word seeing, may we

not accept James Hinton's definition of imagination as "the power of seeing the unseen"?

It should here be noticed that formerly the word fancy was used to denote what we now term imagination. Thus Milton speaks of Shakespeare as "fancy's child." It was Coleridge who first distinguished between fancy and imagination, and, though the distinction is not considered of any account by modern psychologists, it is, I believe, a real one. Coleridge defined fancy as "a mode of memory emancipated from the order of time and space; and blended with and modified by that empirical phenomenon of the will, which we express by the word choice;" and he pointed out that "equally with the ordinary memory it must receive all its materials ready-made from the law of association." The term imagination he reserved for the creative faculty, but unfortunately the full and complete account of its powers which he intended one day to write, remained one of the many projects which he never put into execution. In the few but pregnant hints, however, which he has left us on the subject, he especially insists on the unity of the imagination, coining for it the epithet *esemplastic* (*ἐκ ἐν πλάττειν*, i.e. to shape into one) and saying that it sees *il più in uno*. The same idea is carefully worked out by Mr. Ruskin in his account of the imagination in 'Modern Painters,' where he points out with great appositeness of illustration the difference between mere composition, or patchwork, and true imaginative production. Indeed, one of the strongest arguments in favour of what may be

called the transcendental theory of the imagination is the immeasurable distance that separates the patchwork of an inferior artist from the seamless garment woven by a master's hand. So immeasurable is it that it is impossible to accept the explanation that the secret of true imaginative work consists merely in modifying and piecing together past impressions so rapidly and so deftly that we cannot detect the join.

"All imaginative activity," truly says Mr. Sully, "involves an element of feeling." Love, pity, horror, joy, indignation, all serve to kindle the imagination. But the emotions which beat in closest unison with it are the æsthetic emotions, that group of nameless and mysterious feelings which are generated by the presence of beauty. Seeing, then, that the true characteristic of the imagination is its creative and life-giving power, and that it has an intimate relation with the æsthetic emotions, it is not surprising that it should be especially the art-faculty, the faculty which comes into play in the production of all works of art. The sculptor must be able to model, the painter to draw and to colour, the architect to build, the musician must be a master of melody and harmony, the poet of language and rhythm; but all alike must have imagination.

Take, for instance, one of those Dutch pictures, for which Mr. Ruskin has such contempt and George Eliot such sympathy. The exclusive worshipper of high art condemns it at once as wholly devoid of imagination. But let us try the picture by a simple test. Let us set ten painters down to paint a study from the life of an old woman scraping carrots. What will be the result? For certain, no two of their pictures will be exactly alike. Each painter will have added something new, something which to the eye of the ordinary observer did not appear in the actual scene; and this addition, this idealisation, as we should call it, will have come from the painter's imagination.

We speak of imagination as the idealising faculty; but it is a mistake to suppose that to idealise necessarily means to make beautiful. Idealisation consists rather in throwing into relief the characteristic parts of an object, and discarding unimportant details; in short, in presenting an idea of the object to the mind which, by virtue of this rearrangement makes a deeper and more lasting impression; and for this reason, that artistic truth has been substituted for scientific truth, life for death.

Not only is imagination necessary for the production of a work of art, but it is also necessary for the understanding of it. The conception which is born of imagination can only be apprehended by imagination. Hegel indeed makes a distinction between the active or productive imagination of the artist, and the passive or receptive imagination of the beholder of a work of art, and calls them by different names; but in reality the difference between them is one of degree and not one of kind. The impression which is made upon the beholder of a work of art, though doubtless far less intense, is no doubt similar in kind to that which the artist himself had when he conceived it.

It must be admitted that the law that imagination is necessary to the production of a work of art does not apply so strictly to poetry as to the other fine arts, and for this reason, that poetry stands on a somewhat different footing from other arts. It is, so to speak, less strictly an art. In the first place, not only, as is the case with other time arts, such as music, is the impression which it makes upon the imagination spread over a period of time instead of being almost instantaneous, as it is in a space art like painting, but it is not always even continuous. When Edgar Poe declared that a poem which could not be read through at a single sitting was an anomaly, thus excluding the 'Iliad' and other epics from the cate-

gory of poetry, he was only following out to its logical conclusion, his theory that poetry, like music, is a pure art. But the common-sense of many generations, which is a higher court than any theory, has ruled him to be wrong. The explanation is that poetry is not a pure art.

Secondly, there is this vital distinction between poetry and the other fine arts. They are addressed immediately to the senses, and through the senses to the emotions and the imagination; but poetry, though it is in some measure addressed to the ear and so far partakes of the nature of music, is chiefly and primarily addressed to the intellect—for language implies intellect to understand it—and through the intellect to the emotions and the imagination.

There follow from these special characteristics of poetry two notable results. First, the impression made upon the imagination by a poem being often spread over a considerable space of time, which may not even be continuous, we can dispense with imaginative treatment in some parts of a poem, and we do not necessarily condemn a whole poem because it contains some unimaginative passages. Secondly, poetry not being addressed primarily to the senses, there is a marked difference between the function of the imagination in poetry and its function in a sensuous art like painting. In both arts alike it is the function of the imagination to represent both the visible and the invisible world, both the sensuous object and the inward spiritual meaning of that object; but in painting the sensuous object is directly presented, while the spiritual idea can only be suggested; in poetry, on the other hand, it is the object itself which can only be suggested, it is the spiritual idea which receives direct presentment.

It is most important that poets and painters should bear in mind this distinction. To paint pictures vague in outline and blurred in colour under the impression that they thus become

spiritual, is as foolish as to write poems full of detailed and matter-of-fact descriptions of material objects in order to make them sensuous. It is quite true that painting should be spiritual, it is equally true that poetry should be sensuous; but this must be effected by the method proper to each art, not by confusing their two methods.

It will be remembered that in those noble chapters of 'Modern Painters' in which Mr. Ruskin treats of the imagination he classifies its powers under three heads, Associative, Penetrative, and Contemplative. By Associative imagination he means the power of constructing images, or, as Coleridge calls it, the shaping power of the imagination. Contemplative imagination is, as I shall try to show presently, merely a form of this, which I prefer to call by the more ordinary term Constructive. On the other hand, a faculty of the imagination which Mr. Ruskin has omitted in this classification is the idealising faculty. I would therefore propose to substitute for Mr. Ruskin's terminology the terms Constructive, Idealising, and Penetrative, as expressing the various powers of the imagination.

Let us consider now what is the part played by the imagination in the genesis of a poem. First, it is to the imagination that the first conception of every true poem is due. Some external object, either animate or inanimate, either a face or a landscape, sends a rush of emotion to the poet's soul and kindles his imagination. What Turgeneff says of himself is probably true of most great poets and novelists, that they never start from the idea but always from the object. The imagination being thus called into life exercises its powers by an instantaneous and involuntary process. It transports the poet from the world of sense to the spiritual world beyond; it reveals to him as in a vision the inward meaning of the sensuous fact which has aroused his emotions, while in one and the same moment the

vision is embodied in the form of a poem, the general idea of which, along with the rhythmical movement, flashes upon the poet instantaneously. Then follows the "accomplishment of verse," the filling up the details of the poet's design, in order to communicate his vision to those denser intelligences which lack the "divine faculty." With the true poet, to borrow the words used by Monro of Catullus, "there is no putting together of pieces of mosaic; with him the completed thought follows at once upon the emotion, and the consummate form and expression rush to embody this thought for ever."

Of course it is only short poems that require, as it were, but a single draught of inspiration from the imagination for their production. In longer poems the poet must be constantly calling upon his imagination for fresh efforts. But he must call upon it as a master, and he must never lose sight of the original impulse which gave birth to his work, of the guiding idea which ought to be the central point of his poem. The reason why so many poets who excel in short poems fail when they try a longer flight is that they have not sufficient power of mental concentration to keep their imagination steadily fixed on one point. They follow it instead of guiding it, and it sometimes leads them into grievous quagmires. The imagination is partly an active and partly a passive faculty. Visions often come to us without any effort of our own; it is only the supreme artist, the really great man, who can control his visions.

The intensity and the quality of the imagination in a poem will vary according to the nature of the poet's genius and the special mood engendered in him by the motive of the poem; the character of the imagination will determine that of the poem. Thus, if the imagination be directed chiefly towards the human passions and the infinite variations of them which make up individual human

character, the result will be a drama, or at least a dramatic poem. If on the other hand it is rather on the actions than on the passions of men, rather on human nature in its broad outlines than on the characteristics which mark off one human being from another, that the imagination loves to dwell, we shall have a narrative, possibly an epic, poem. If the imagination is strongly emotional the result will be a lyric; if it suggest a train of thought rather than of images it will produce an elegy.

Even from the two kinds of poetry which are rightly accounted the lowest, inasmuch as their aims are only in a small measure artistic, namely satire and didactic poetry, imagination is by no means absent. There is imagination in the descriptions of persons, and in the pictures of social life which satire, not wholly un mindful of her early Italian home, sets up as a mark for her arrows; there is imagination in the images and metaphors, and in the concentrated and pregnant language by which a didactic poem like 'The Essay on Man' seeks to render its reasoning more pointed and impressive.

The images evoked by the Constructive imagination are of two kinds. They are either complex images representing some new combination of actually existing objects, or they are simple images of wholly new objects, of objects which have no existence in the world of sense. The former class of images only require a somewhat low degree of imagination for their production, and ordinary persons, who are neither novelists nor poets, have frequent experiences of them. They supply what are called the scenes or situations of fiction, in which some new and ideal combination either of man or nature, or of both together, is presented, and which form the framework for all narrative and dramatic poetry, as well as for all novels.

The most obvious instance of the second class of images are what are called imaginary creatures, such as

Milton's Satan, Ariosto's Hippogriff, Dante's Nimrod, Shakespeare's Ariel. But what are we to say of those far higher creations, the human beings who live only in the world of fiction? Are they due to the Constructive power of the imagination, or to its Idealising power, or to its Penetrative power?

It may at once be granted that all fictitious characters which are drawn from existing persons must be ascribed to the Idealising imagination. But I believe that the majority of characters in fiction, and certainly all the greatest characters, are purely ideal representations and not portraits. Although some living person may have first suggested them, they are evolved by the imagination without any further reference to that person. A great many characters for instance in Alphonse Daudet's novels are said to be portraits; but they have been claimed as such by reason, not of any essential property of likeness, but of certain details of position and circumstances. Whether Numa Roumestan stands for Gambetta, or the Duc de Mora for the Duc de Morny or not, there can be no doubt that both Numa and Mora are absolutely new creations.

If then the characters of fiction are creations and not representations, they must, as far as regards the first conception of them, be ascribed to the constructive power of the imagination. But their evolution is surely due to its penetrative power. To evolve a great character of fiction requires a deep knowledge of the human heart, and so much of that knowledge as proceeds from intuition and not from actual experience can only come from the imagination as a penetrative faculty. It is Penetrative imagination that inspires the dramatist with those touches that reveal a whole world of passion at a flash; such touches as those cited by Mr. Ruskin, the "He has no children" of Macduff; the "My gracious silence hail!" of Coriolanus; the "Quel giorno piu non vi leggemmo avanti" of Francesca, or that wonder-

ful passage in 'Lear,' wonderful in its simplicity—

"Pray, do not mock me :
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward ; and, to deal
plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind."

This intensity and energy of concentration are unfailing signs of Penetrative imagination, the imagination which pierces right to the heart of things, seizes hold of their most characteristic and life-giving quality, and reveals it in language as simple as it is pregnant.

What a picture of perfect beauty we have in these lines from 'Christabel'—

"Her gentle limbs she did undress
And lay down in her loveliness."

What intense imagination in the following from Keats—

"Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

Or in this from Wordsworth's 'Yew-trees':

"Nor uninformed with Phantasy, and looks
That threaten the profane."

Or as an instance of a somewhat more elaborate, but still intensely imaginative, description we have Shelley's—

"And in its depth there is a mighty rock,
Which has, from unimaginable years,
Sustained itself with terror and with toil
Over a gulf, and with the agony
With which it clings seems slowly coming
down ;
Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,
Clings to the ways of life ; yet clinging leans,
And, leaning, makes more dark the dread
abyss
In which it fears to fall. Beneath this crag,
Huge as despair, &c."

Or Milton's description of Satan, the sublimest portrait ever painted in words—

"He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower ; his form had yet not
lost

All her original brightness ; nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured : as when the sun, new
risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams.

Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the archangel ; but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched ; and
care
Sat on his faded cheek ; but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerable pride,
Waiting revenge."

There are some lyrics which exhibit in the highest degree this penetrative faculty of the imagination, concentrating themselves on some object of nature, and revealing in one luminous flash of song the secret of its spiritual life. Such are Wordsworth's 'Daffodils', 'To the Cuckoo', and 'To a Skylark'; Herrick's 'To Blossoms'; Goethe's 'Auf allen Gipfeln'. But on the whole this intensity of imagination is to be found more often in sonnets than in those poems to which the name of lyric is generally restricted. The very form of the sonnet, its forced concentration, its division into two parts, its sober but stately rhythm, makes it an admirable instrument for the purpose of calling up before the mind the twin image of a sensuous object and a spiritual idea. Wordsworth's sonnets especially are characterised by this high imaginative power, and of his sonnets there is no finer example than the well-known one 'Upon Westminster Bridge.'

"Earth has not anything to show more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples
lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless
air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his gilt splendour valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will :
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !"

In the great majority of lyrical poems which deal with some external

object, and not with the poet's own passion, the poet plays round his subject rather than penetrates it, contemplates it rather than interprets it. Thus, sometimes his imagination, instead of remaining concentrated on the object which has inspired the poem, flies off to fresh images, and so becomes creative instead of penetrative. This is what Mr. Ruskin means when he speaks of the imagination in its contemplative mood. We have a good instance of it in those beautiful lines from Keats's 'The Eve of St. Agnes,' where the soul of the sleeping maiden is said to be—

"Clasped like a missal, where swart Paynims
pray ;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud
again."

Here the poet, after describing the soul as

"Blissfully havened both from joy and pain,"
—a touch of really penetrative imagination—is, as it were, distracted by fresh images ; first, that of a missal clasped tight for safety in a land of pagans, and then that of a rose-bud.

Sometimes the imagination gives place for a time to fancy, and then, instead of images which have an essential likeness to the object which is being described, we get images which have only some external and accidental likeness. There is no better example of the difference between fancy and imagination than that instanced by Mr. Ruskin, Wordsworth's poem, 'To the Daisy'—the one beginning, "With little here to do or see." Here the flower is compared successively to a "nun demure," a "sprightly maiden," a "queen in crown of rubies drest," a "starveling in a scanty vest," a "little cyclops," a "silver shield with boss of gold," and a "star" ; and the poet himself notes the ephemeral character of these images, which start up one after the other at the bidding of fancy—

"That thought comes next—and instantly
The freak is over."

At last his mind ceases from wandering, cleaves to the flower itself with intensity of gaze, and illumines it with true penetrative imagination.

"Sweet flower! for by that name at last
When all my reveries are past
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent creature!
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature!"

Defective imagination in lyrical poems is also due to the poet's vision being dimmed by the shadow of his own personal joys and sorrows. Instead of projecting himself by the force of sympathy into the external world, whether of man or nature, he makes it sympathise with him. Consequently, though he gives us a faithful representation of his own feelings, the image that he presents of the external world is blurred and misty. It is the great weakness of Byron, as an imaginative poet, that his personal aspirations and regrets are continually passing across the field of his vision, and, as it were, distorting his imagination. Thus, even in the splendid description of the Lake of Geneva in the third canto of 'Childe Harold,' passages of a really high order of imagination are interrupted by egoistic and commonplace outbursts, which go far to spoil that illusion which it is the business of all poetry to create. The same kind of defective imagination is shown in Byron's often-noticed incapacity to create real human beings, his attempts at creation being for the most part merely copies of himself.

Shelley, who with a love even greater than that of Byron for the elemental forces of nature had an ear for her more hidden harmonies which was wholly wanting to the other poet, shows a finer quality of imagination in his treatment of nature. But intensely penetrative though his imagination sometimes is, it is on the whole less remarkable for intensity than for sensibility and productiveness. No poet's emotions were more easily

aroused, and no poet's imagination was in such intimate sympathy with his emotions. In the presence of nature to see with him was to feel, and to feel was to imagine. But his poetry for the most part rather charms us by the marvellous delicacy and variety of its images than seizes hold of us by the force of its imaginative truth. It is not often that he attains to that luminous and concentrated depth of imagination which distinguishes 'The Cenci', and 'Adonais'. His poem 'To a Skylark' is probably far better known than Wordsworth's poem on the same subject;¹ in splendour of colour and movement it far surpasses its modest grey-toned companion; but I question whether out of all its wealth of beautiful and subtle images there is one that shows such high imaginative power, such intense penetration, as the line which forms the climax of Wordsworth's poem—

"True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home."

It is, of course, not enough for a poet to have a powerful imagination; he must be able to embody his visions. "Poetry is not imagination, but imagination shaped."² The instruments at his command are two, language and rhythm, and it is his business to use these in such a way as to assist as much as possible the imagination of his readers in realising his conceptions. In the first place then, his vocabulary should be as large as possible; the better the instrument, the easier it is to play on. But he must also know how to play on it: he must know how to vary his method with his theme: he must remember that when he is portraying great passion his language cannot be too simple—the death of Desdemona, the closing lines of 'The

¹ I mean the one beginning—

"Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!"

² F. W. Robertson, in his lecture on the 'Influence of Poetry on the Working Classes,' which, with his lecture on Wordsworth, I warmly commend to all those who are not already acquainted with them.

Cenci,' Heine's and Catullus' lyrics, are models in their bare simplicity of language. He must also remember that when he wishes to call up before the mind of his readers some sensuous object, he must do this not by an accurate and detailed description of that object, but by using some word or expression which, by the force of association, immediately suggests an imaginative impression of that object. It has been truly said that the poet is a namer; that all language was in its origin poetry, and that prose is fossilised poetry. By which it is meant that, in the early stages of human society, things were named after their chief characteristic—were called by some symbolical name which not only served to mark them off from other things, but interpreted their properties and meaning. Thus, man is the thinker, the moon is the measurer, the sun is the begetter, the serpent is the creeper.¹ But in the process of time the meaning of these names has been forgotten; they no longer appeal to the imagination, they are fossil names. It is therefore the business of the poet to invent new names—names which do appeal to the imagination, which do reveal to us some new quality in the object named. The difference between false poets and true poets is that the false poet goes for his names to the poetical dictionary, the true poet finds them in his own breast. The names of the one, though they were living in the hands of their makers, are cold and dead; the names of the other breathe with a vital energy. It is only the real poet, the real maker of names, who can touch our imagination.

The second instrument which the poet has at his disposal is rhythm. Its effects are far more subtle than those of language, and consequently far more difficult to analyse. But the intimate connection between rhythm and emotion has been pointed out by several writers, notably by Mr. Herbert

Spencer. Not only does strong emotion find a natural expression in the rhythmical movement or language, but conversely the effect of rhythm is to excite emotion. It may therefore be reasonably inferred that the function of rhythm in poetry is to predispose the mind of the reader to emotional impulses, and thus make it more sensible to the influence of imagination. Rhyme, of course, is merely a method of measuring rhythm, but it also serves to keep the reader's mind concentrated, to produce that feeling of expectancy which is so effective in stimulating the imagination. The same purpose is served by the various forms of repetition used in poetry, from alliteration or the repetition of consonantal and vowel sounds, to the refrain or the repetition of a whole sentence.

The art of using all these rhythmical effects so as to heighten the imaginative impression of a poem, to vary them "in correspondence with some transition in the nature of the imagery or passion," as Coleridge says, is one of the poet's most incommunicable secrets, and I for one shall not try to surprise it. I will only point to that supreme example of rhythmical effort in our language, Coleridge's 'Christabel.' How weird is the rhythm of these two lines!—

"Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark."

And how the effect of weirdness is sustained by the repetition at intervals of "The night is chill"! and how the rhythm dances in the following!—

"The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can."

Such are the methods which the poet uses to bewitch our imagination, to draw us with him into that region of truth and beauty and love that lies beyond the senses' ken. But we must meet him half-way. Our imagination must not be utterly dead, or his most potent efforts will fail to elicit a response. People are gifted with

¹ Professor Max Müller, 'Lectures on the Science of Language,' i. p. 434.

imagination in a very various degree, but every one can cultivate his imagination, can make it more sensible to the calls of beauty and sympathy. People whose lives are shut in by sordid and commonplace surroundings have very little imagination. But the spark is there, it only wants fanning. By seeing great pictures, by reading good literature, whether it be poems or novels, above all by intercourse with nature, the imagination may certainly be stimulated. What is the aim of art for the people, and parks for the people, but that they may become more sensible to the influences

of the spiritual world, that their lives may be made brighter by contact with the ideal? But it is in the power of all of us, the educated and the uneducated alike, either to quicken or to deaden our imagination. Sympathy with our fellow-men, high aspirations, purity, unworldliness, these are the helps to the imagination. Selfishness, unbelief, sensuality, worldliness, these are the hindrances; these are the chains which bind us to the earth, these are the clouds which hide from us the light of heaven.

ARTHUR TILLEY.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER IN DANGER.

"THE king's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold." Ah! but there are many new men-milliners at work, tricking out a new and a rival princess, whose clothing is stitched by Radical hands, and whose virgin charms are heightened by the cosmetics of the Political Dissenter and the Atheist—names, let us here say, used as acknowledged parts of our daily speech, and not in any term of reproach. This figure is plain for all folk to see across the Channel. Our vivacious neighbours, with their facile fingers and more subtle appreciation of effect, have brought their gold earrings and precious things, and besought their high priests, "Make us a god to go before us." Perhaps a few of the more hesitating may tremble slightly at the prospect of the expression on the face of Moses when he descends; but, after all, the expression will soon wear off, and since Cesar's day the Gauls have ever delighted in new things. We ourselves have this inestimable advantage, that we can largely study the picture whence our future model is to be drawn. Of course, with our insular belief in ourselves and our sagacity, we shall improve on the original, and allowance must be made for differences of touch in certain particulars; but we can judge pretty accurately the general effect, atmosphere, and surroundings of our future Paradise.

It might have seemed, even to a fairly observant eye, that twenty years ago the possibility of liberty and equality in religion—fraternity we may leave out of the question—was a very slight one in this future Paradise. Then, it was but the little cloud no bigger than a man's hand; and lo, now, there is sound of abundance of rain,

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even hail which will run along the ground very vehemently. Party faction is a decimal that recurs desperately; and there never was a mustard seed that was half so prolific as the letting out of the (so-called) religious waters.

It might be interesting, though perhaps not very remunerative, to know how many of those, especially in Parliament, who are prepared to say at once, "I vote for Disestablishment," have taken the trouble to study the whole question, and to ascertain from men, statistics, and books, the manifold intricacies of the case from all its aspects. Nowadays, professions of faith are required from candidates who, in haste that is almost indecent, pledge themselves to lines of action concerning matters of which they know absolutely nothing. Nothing is easier than to assent this evening and to dissent to-morrow, at greater leisure and in a cooler moment; but it takes courage and honesty of purpose, not always found in political life, to publish a more sober retraction of statements and assents made on the spur of the moment. No man likes to appear to have been ignorant, and to have committed himself in ignorance. Yet numbers do so. The desire to write M.P. after their names is with some men an ample, though inexplicable, reason for swallowing all—and not least, ecclesiastical—camels and gnats wholesale.

It is undoubtedly an argument, and no mean one, in favour of the Established Church, that it already exists. The plaintiff, to prove his case satisfactorily, must show conclusively that the fact of an Established Church is a real tangible evil; a thing monstrous and contrary to true liberty; an anomaly which is no longer tolerable;

and further, that it is of absolute necessity to the weal of this country that all the interests and associations linked intimately with the cause of such a Church be plucked up, being all nothing as compared with the glorious sunshine which will then be let into the now decaying roots. And; he must go a step further. He must be prepared to offer in lieu of that which he has uprooted a substitute more abiding, more useful, more thoroughly and truly national. And yet one more point should be clearly recognised in this, as in all such questions, whether religious, political or social; that, while men may absolutely decline to found an institution on such lines as those which are inherent in the institution in question, they may be satisfied that to remodel and repair is sufficient. It may be utterly undesirable to set up such an Established Church as ours in another country—putting aside the question of its practicability; but it would be fallacious to argue therefore that the Established Church in England should cease to exist. So far, it is no desire of the writer to do more than point out that fair play should be extended on both sides; only let it be distinctly remembered that it is chimerical and dangerous, in orators especially, to hold up *ideal* states where liberty of religion is dispensed with free hand and an Established Church does not exist, unless they have carefully weighed the practical issues of such a position, and are perfectly convinced that in England, after a due and long consideration of her history, such a sphere is necessary, and demanded by the majority of the nation.

For this leads us to the one real question of all questions, round which all else, however momentous, centres—Is the Church *national*? Is the Church fulfilling her functions as the *national* Church? Is she justifying her position? Is her work conspicuously to the front for the *nation's* welfare and true benefit from one end of this country to the other?

Now, whether or no the Church in this large sense is national it is for the decriers of such an establishment to prove. They impeach, they raise axes and hammers, they cry "Down with it to the ground." Let us, then, examine the nature of the combined forces who press forward to the work of destruction, and see for ourselves how far they, on their side, have a just and legitimate claim to be considered the national party. This is not to shirk in the very least the main question at issue—Is the Church truly national?—but only an endeavour to see why forces, at first sight a little heterogeneous, push on so vehemently under one banner and with one war cry.

First, let us clear the ground, so that we may see with what common cause we are contending; let us understand distinctly what is meant by Establishment and Disestablishment—with Endowment and Disendowment we are not at present concerned. It may, however, be remarked in passing (a fact too often disregarded), that the popular notion that at some vague period in our history the State did make a general national endowment of religion, is quite erroneous. The conversion of England was not, as some will tell you can take place in the individual soul, a "sudden conversion." By no means. As every student of history knows, there was at that time no one national kingdom. Nor was there any system—nor could such system have existed—whereby a national Church could be endowed. If such endowment of the Church existed in any form whatsoever, it was an action which concerned one or other small kingdom, but in no way affected the whole of England. That one Church became more favoured by richer endowment than another was due to the fact that one king, or one earl, favoured one Church more than another, and gave his wealth to his own particular favourite.

There never was a time when by some deliberate act on the part of

king or people the Church was "established." It is a general notion that the Church and State are two distinct bodies, existing as such from some ideal point of time, and that a compact or bargain can be struck between these two. The clergy, such people hold, or would hold if they thought over the matter seriously, form the Church; the State is the Government, or, as Mr. Green first taught the general world, as distinguished from those who knew better before, the English people. But the Church is not composed solely of clergy, nor in any proper sense can the Church be anything else than the nation viewed religiously; a religious body, being either of one mind or of many minds, yet religious minds. The State is emphatically not the Government, but the nation at large. "The whole thing," says Mr. Freeman, "like everything else in this country, came of itself. The Church Establishment has just the same history as the House of Commons, or as trial by jury. It is the creation of the law; but it is not the creation of any particular law, but of the general course of our law, written and unwritten." It is vain to argue that in our day the Established Church is one and the same with the English nation; but it was so co-extensive once. There were three heads to the one body of the English nation—the head civil, the head ecclesiastical, the head military; but they all had one and the same body. Regarding the nation from a military view, the nation was military; regarded from a religious point of view, it was ecclesiastical.

And once more, on this head, we are not by any means at one with those who say that the Church is a sacred corporation, and, like the person of the Roman tribune, inviolable. We have no sympathy with those who sneer at the Church as an "Act-of-Parliament" Church; at the same time we hold that the power of Parliament is supreme, and that so long as the Church is to call itself

national, so long it must bow to the powers that be in this country. "An Act of Parliament may be unjust, but it cannot be unlawful." All things are "lawful," though not necessarily "expedient," for such a power. If the State, after careful deliberation, decides that the community at large has a prior claim to any special corporation, then the corporation must give way. Unless so much is admitted, so long as the Church is established, we can hardly argue together further. With the belief, natural to the Church, that their whole body is linked in an immutable chain of apostles, fathers, confessors, orders, and so forth up to the Founder of Christianity, we have here nothing to do. Arguments for such a perpetual process and for recognition of, and obedience to, the voice of the Church over the voice of Caesar, are wide of the question considered in these pages. They do not deal with the Church as established; they do not affect the *national* Church. "The authority of the Church," says Dr. Pusey,¹ "was given to her by her Divine Lord within certain limits: 'Teach them whatever I command you.'" This authority of the Church is for a law to herself as a Church, but not as an established and national Church. "The Church² is in matter of fact our great divinely-appointed guide unto saving truth, under divine grace. The Church is practically the pillar and ground of the truth, an informant given to all people, high and low, that they might not have to wander up and down and grope in darkness, as they do in a state of nature." The State in no way denies this. It would be impossible for any Church to exist which had less confidence in itself and its origin. But the State says that, while the Church may believe all this, like Gallio, it cares, as a State, "for none of these

¹ 'An Eirenicon,' by E. B. Pusey, D.D., p. 40.

² 'British Critic' for October, 1838, quoted by Rev. W. G. Ward, 'The Ideal of a Christian Church,' p. 9.

things." So long as the Established Church is the national Church, it is liable to be touched and handled by the State, if the State judges it expedient to do so.

If this matter be granted, let us proceed to look at the peculiar features of the various assailants of a national Church.

Broadly divided, they amount to three classes—(1) the Radical; (2) the Atheist; (3) the Political Dissenter.

The Radical must always be carefully distinguished from the Atheist, with whom naturally and necessarily he has nothing in common. It is a stupid, if not an atrocious, blunder to mix up men who have only so much of unity that they desire to pull down the Established Church. People of widely discordant views may get into the same lobbies, as we know; but it is only a very indiscriminating mind which would therefore associate Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bradlaugh. It is injudicious to do so, for such conduct is apt to force the Radical into a still more bitter antagonism, and may drive him to unite with those outside his camp on other grave matters, if he is so constantly misrepresented. At the same time, the Radical may well seriously ask himself how it is that he is associated with such strange bedfellows, and whether he is not being hurried forward into actions and into decisions without a careful sounding of the deeps beyond. Liberty is his god: liberty is the phylactery which is writ large on every article of his political and religious attire; in Liberty's cause, and to woo her smile, he, a zealous votary, oftentimes cuts himself with knives and lancets—and yet, who is the gainer? His argument, putting aside the many minor ones, which are again divided and subdivided, is extremely intelligible. The Church no longer coincides with the nation—the malicious might add, no more does the army—and is only one of a number of religious bodies. Other religious bodies enjoy few or no privileges; why should the Church,

then, enjoy so many? But further, the Radical will assert that the Church blocks true liberty, that it has always done so in the past, and that it is the flunkey of wealth and titles.

"The Church of England," says the most able leader of the Radical party, "is the ally of tyranny, the organ of social oppression, the champion of intellectual bondage." And Mr. Goldwin Smith writes in a similar vein: "For ages, Christianity has been accepted by the clergy of the Established Church as the ally of political and social injustice."

How much happier it might have been for this world, if not for the next, if the word "liberty" had never been written. And yet—perhaps, for this is not so certain as some think—to paraphrase Voltaire, "If there had been no liberty, it would have been necessary to invent one." We shall have plenty of employment, more than plenty, if we stare "liberty" in the face for a few moments. There are certain men of great talents, immense beneficence, and a large method of looking round about systems and institutions, who yet appear either to grow colour-blind, or to require blue spectacles, when they look at certain positions! Take Mr. John Bright, for instance. A man of extraordinary oratorical talents, and hitherto of wonderful touch with the English character, he drops his "liberal" principles in a moment when he casts his eye on the English Church. Mr. Chamberlain has more excuse. But Mr. Chamberlain, when he poses as a champion of liberty, and wins cheap applause by denouncing an Established Church as an anomaly and an ogre who eats up the crusts of the poor, is really talking quite off the purpose. He wins cheers and he wins votes, but what can he really know of the working of, and the work of, the English Church? It is extremely easy to glance superficially at such an institution, and to bring out in bold relief the mistakes and errors of particular men, or to ridicule

the system of a Church, the position, bearings, and condition of which neither speaker nor audience know save in a most cursory manner. Any third-rate actor can win the applause of "the gods;" but "Cato" together with "the judicious" must grieve, or grow hot with indignation, that such fustian should be like to gain the day.

But the Radical—of course we mean the perfectly sincere Radical, who does not play to the "gallery," but has large aims, and sincerely great aims—has the ulterior intention of diverting the wealth of the Church when disendowed to uses more beneficial in his eyes. This is, however, to enter upon the topic of Disendowment, which we have agreed not to discuss. The Radical cordially dislikes the Church as a powerful engine, the one most powerful engine, in the Conservative hands. The great mass of the clergy, and a very considerable share of the Church, belong to the "great stupid party;" and an attempt to attack the status and funds of the Church would unite together those within the pale who at present have considerable differences of opinion. Love of mother Church would in almost all cases precede love of political sentiment.

With regard to the Atheist, little need be said as to his attacks. They have always been, and must necessarily be, against all religion; but he has the skill to perceive when to be silent, and when to swell the shout against a cause which is in some quarters unpopular. He would argue that in a free country religious bodies must all be treated alike, and that he cares for none of them, no, nor how many there may be of them, provided each man is permitted to go his own way. Religion in the abstract is a most unprofitable study; national religion is an absolute torment, which ought to be applied to no man. And if a number of men holding such a view, unable or unwilling to believe that God exists, were to possess seats in Parliament and be called upon to

legislate on matters relating to the national Church—then indeed we should witness a monstrous paradox.

The Political Dissenter is not—let the present writer frankly confess for himself—a very nice person. He never says "I am for peace"—so much is true; it is likewise certain that when he speaks, "they are for war." He is always dwelling in the tents of Kedar, and he really rather likes his quarters. Take away his red rag of a national Church, and where is this bull of Birmingham Bashan? The Reverend Mr. Crosskey, and the like of him, are the most inveterate and active skirmishers in the ranks of the Church. Their skill is positively marvellous; they surprise clerical stragglers now and again, and make much of such surprises in print and on platform. Their attack perhaps lacks refinement; but they hit hard. The air of Birmingham is good for pugilism—it runs in the blood. Mr. Dale is a finer hitter, and a far superior man of war. He is, as Mr. Matthew Arnold observes,¹ "really a brilliant pugilist."

The Wesleyan body, the oldest of the Methodist denominations—claiming upwards of a million adherents in Great Britain, over and above some eight hundred thousand younger members in the Sunday schools—by no means exercise themselves in a similar tone. The closer historical relation of Methodism with the Established Church may in some degree account for this; yet it would be foolish to suppose that by them also Disestablishment will not be hailed. But in the pulpit they are temperate; to denounce the Church is not one and the same thing as to attack the devil, the world, and the flesh. It is worthy of notice, that this year, in the annual Wesleyan Conference at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Dr. Osborn emphatically declared—and his words were received with great applause—that it would prove totally destructive to the body if Wesleyan ministers were to take sides in political

¹ "Last Essays on Church and Religion," p. 185.

warfare. And in his address to the newly-ordained young ministers, the ex-president expressed the popular conviction when he said that the minister most faithfully fulfilled his ordination vows who passed through a circuit without letting his people know to what political party he belonged.

But it would be wrong to conclude that therefore this body will vote unanimously for the Establishment to continue. To them, as to all Nonconformist bodies, the *tithe* is an injustice. To them, as to all Nonconformist bodies, the fact of a church in every parish, and a priest in every parish, representatives of nationality, and necessarily regarded as such formally or informally, is a thing difficult to stomach. And it may further be conceded that the tone and language of many Church people, and of not a few clergymen, is of such an arrogant nature as to widen estrangement, and to prevent that sympathy which does so much, if it says so little. The superior tone, as of a chosen priesthood, a peculiar people, which some smooth-faced curate will often assume towards individuals, or bodies of men of piety and ability, whose convictions are deep and sincere, has done incalculable harm. Many clergymen, especially country clergymen, whose vision is at times limited, speak of a Dissenter as to be classed with publicans and sinners; and it is to be noticed with what far greater fairness and kindness the mass of clergy refer to the Roman Catholics in their parish. There are many exceptions—the exceptions are probably far more frequent than before—but the mischief that is done by such slighting and uncharitableness, though, doubtless, not known to those who so speak, is never forgotten. It is no new thing. As long ago as the year 1867 we find Dean Alford drawing public attention to the unfortunate exchange of feeling: “Nothing,” he writes, “is more strongly impressed on my mind, when I look over the religious state of Eng-

land, than that we, who are members of her Established Church, have need to face the whole important question of our relations to Nonconformists, with a view to a readjustment in the light of the Christian conscience of our words and our acts respecting them. . . . It seems to me that there is no justification for the present alienation of affection, the present virtual suspension of intercourse, the present depreciating tone and manner which prevail on the part of English Churchmen towards Dissenters and towards Churches which differ from ourselves in organisation.” Dr. Stoughton, in his work on religion in England (1800-1850), mentions with strong feeling how Nonconformists appreciated the courtesy and fellowship of the late Dean of Westminster: “No one did so much as he to bring together persons of different communions; and under the touch of his warm and comprehensive sympathy, prejudice and bigotry, at least for a time, melted entirely away. Congregations who only saw him as with bent head, downcast eyes, and slow and reverent step, he walked up the pulpit stair, could not picture what he was as he came forward at home with rapid movement, and with smiles irradiating his finely-chiselled features, to grasp the hands of Nonconformist guests, bidding them a welcome which glowed with genuine heartiness.” And the late Archbishop of Canterbury, a man wise in his generation and full of discreet understanding, in a Charge delivered at Maidstone on “Union Without,” tells his hearers not to judge of the Nonconformists by the “violent expressions of platform orators.” “I thought it wise,” so he says in his Charge, “and gladly welcomed the opportunity to receive in my house, which might be considered as the very home of the Church of England, a large and powerful deputation of the chief Nonconformist ministers in London. . . . Such meetings can, I think, be fraught with nothing but real good.”

In judging of the grounds of complaint against the national Church made by Radicals and Nonconformists, it is of special importance that English Churchmen should endeavour to look fairly at existing facts, to consider how they themselves would feel were conditions reversed, whether their own motives in the desire to maintain the Established Church are pure and free from alloy. That men of rare abilities, genuine sincerity, and strong love of liberty and freedom, should be coupled with baser tools and instruments, and should be thrown into the same ranks with men of violently socialistic and atheistic views, may be cause for regret; but it is not therefore the slightest evidence that the cause advocated has not right and justice on its side. The better may bewail the fact that they have as allies the baser, and may have respect for their enemies; but none the less will they contend ardently for that wherein they believe, and believe to be for the greatest benefit to the country at large. People occupied by strong religious convictions may vince at unity for the moment with people detesting religion; but it is possible that both may fight under the same banner with the best of conscientious motives.

Let us now turn from this necessarily all too brief survey of the chief opponents of the national Church, and look down the lists of those within the beleaguered city to see how they fare. It is not always the attack from without which is the most to be dreaded; a man's foes may be, and often are, "those of his own household."

The camp within the national Church may be for greater convenience divided into the three well-known parties of High, Low, and Broad Church.

The High Church man in doctrine may not in all cases correspond to what is called the Ritualist, but in several he does. They at least have given back to the Church the "beauty of holiness." They, like the Radicals, have a keen appreciation of liberty,

but—shall we say also like the Radicals?—they have not a vivid sense of humour. Recently, at the administration of the Holy Communion at a church in Cornwall, the non-celebrant priest was to be seen during the greater part of the Communion service grovelling on the floor, so that, to the congregation he appeared like unto a four-footed beast, "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful." It may be said that at such a time the attitude of the body matters little, that the devout have no thought for such things as the posture of this or that person. Yet nature will return, however so much expelled by a proper and becoming fork; and surely a congregation following such a lead would present a truly appalling spectacle. This party—the Ritualists—pay little attention to the injunctions of such bishops as may run counter to their own desires; they attach absolutely none to the admonitions and menaces of civil jurisdiction. In their congregations you will find, taken all through, a very large percentage of young people: this is natural, because the movement has not been of very long growth. You will find also a considerable mass of women; and this also is natural. Ever since women gathered round the Cross, their sex has strongly supported religious causes; and their far greater leisure, and hitherto more untutored reasoning powers, have contributed to make them fill the seats of churches. It will be curious to see if, under this new and so-called higher education of theirs, they will continue equally loyal to the call of religion. Without expressing a strong opinion on any side, it may be safely affirmed that if once the mothers of England become careless of religion, it will be the worst blow for English character that could possibly be struck. It is a particular misfortune of this body, that its members, and especially its younger members, in their devotional books, in their gestures and demeanour in church, in their

whole religious attitude, sail as near the Romish tenets and method of service as they can. The weaker ones, who possess less common sense and temperateness, are apt to get on to an inclined plane, and hardly know where to stop. Their vows of ordination are understood with much mental reservation and elasticity of meaning; the authority of "The Ordinary" is an excellent expression in its way, but not one to be too strongly dwelt upon, or kept in inconvenient memory. It would be, however, extremely unfair to this large and important branch of the Church not to recognise to the full the immense vitality of the whole section, and the never-tiring work which is done by great numbers of Ritualist clergy in the dark places of great towns. It is always an easy matter for an outsider, who has taken no trouble to ascertain the meaning of certain formulas, postures, or demeanours, to raise a cheap laugh. It is natural that people who live outside a religion, and especially if their inclination has nothing of sympathy with it, should fail wholly to appreciate its symbols. The mind which struggles to be calmly philosophical insensibly imbibes prejudices, itself blind to its own partiality. "Philosophers," says M. Renouf truly, "who may pride themselves on their freedom from prejudice, may yet fail to understand whole classes of psychological phenomena which are the result of religious practice, and are familiar to those alone to whom such practice is habitual." To the outside world the Egyptian worship of a dog, an ibis, or a goat, seemed ludicrous, and even monstrous. "The god of the Egyptians," says Clement of Alexandria, "is revealed; a beast, rolling on a purple couch." And yet it may be worth while to remember that once Christianity itself was held to be a "damnable superstition (*excitabilis superstitio*);" and men believed popularly that its followers worshipped the ass, a form of religion derived

from the Jew. To the outer world the worship of the Lamb with seven horns and seven eyes, adored by four beasts, can hardly have appeared other than a "damnable superstition."

A portion of this branch would desire Disestablishment. Rejecting all outer authority they would naturally wish the Church to be a law to itself. If the Church were disestablished according to their wish, it is difficult to say to what excesses they might run, or how far they could coquet with the blandishments of Rome without fear of breach of promise. It is dangerous to play on the verge of precipices; it is especially dangerous when the player is young, inexperienced, backed up by an excited crowd of fervid worshippers, and a little intoxicated by the odours of incense and feminine flattery. What Pusey could hold and do, with apparent impunity, may not therefore be carried out and on with equal impunity by those who have not also imitated Pusey in a careful scrutiny of cause and effect.

Nothing more beautiful can be imagined than the frame of religious spirit which permeates the saintly Pusey in all his writing—a spirit of love; of the deepest and most pure religion. But this spirit is temperate if firm, understanding if dogmatic. This is the innocence of a child combined with an unswerving faith. "I believe *explicitly* all which I know God to have revealed in His Church; and *implicitly* (*implicite*) any thing, if He has revealed it, which I know not. In simple words, I believe all which the Church believes." This spirit can hardly be reached; it must be born, possibly in some cases born again. A spirit so bathed, so totally immersed, in thorough communion with the Church as the sole representative of God Himself, is one which no outsider can fathom, no system of philosophy explain, no argument reach. It may be inconsistent with a degree of liberty; it may lack the fresh play of the keen outer air so wholesome, so bracing;

yet it possesses the supreme peace which passes understanding. No; the name of Pusey is revered among the Ritualistic branch of the Church, but his spirit is too often absent from it.

The Low Church party have not gained ground. They have been obliged in many instances to yield to the prevailing tendency of the age, and to allow greater ornateness of service, and more colour in the conduct of their forms of religion. The particular views of such men as Dean McNeile, Dean Close, and Canon Stowell, are not the views put forward popularly by the modern Low Church party, though the older men, such as Canon Hoare, would probably adhere to them. At the present day it can hardly be said that any of the great preachers or writers of the English Church belong to this school. Such names as Liddon—pre-eminently the first *teacher* of the day—Magee, Lightfoot, Church, Woodford, Vaughan, are not enrolled in what are called Evangelical annals. There is, it appears, a certain strait-waistcoat of thought to be worn by the disciples of this school, which cribs and confines overmuch the men of wider sympathies and bigger hearts. Their predecessors in the country parts were men of a different stamp. George Eliot's Mr. Irwine is not a Low Church clergyman; his service was the usual service of his day—unadorned, simple, homely. He was not what would be called "advanced;" but he was not the man who would call the Pope "Antichrist" every Sunday morning from his cushioned pulpit. He "dwelt among his own people," and was equally interested in their baptisms, their fields of potatoes, their dairies, and their first communions. The modern type not rarely lacks this geniality, if he has more salvational virtue in him. As he is seen at times out for a holiday on the sea-shore he does not always show to much advantage. But we all have our weak points, and outward appearances have always been deceitful.

The Broad Church party has advanced while the Low Church has decreased. This is natural. The Low Church party has done great good in Missions and in putting the Bible into people's hands. The savage has more often had a Bible put into his hand by an Evangelical than by all the rest of the Church put together. The Broad Church party must swell with the increase of free thought. It has no exact horizon; a convenient haze ever floats over the valleys beyond. Maurice, Hare, Kingsley, Robertson, Stanley, Pearson—where are now the shoulders whereon their mantles may fitly rest!

The movement has enlarged its mouth: it now aspires to unite revelation and science. The error of this school is subtle, but yet manifest. People who have no especial "views" on religion, who pride themselves on being "large-minded" and "broad-minded," who like to hear some new thing; men who are scientific, and not appreciative of dogmatic religion; people who like to appear to go to church but "can't stand orthodoxy;" ladies who have read a little—a very little—Strauss, and are inclined to think "there is a great deal in what he says;" together with the sincere believers in the elasticity of religious faith—form a congregation which requires to be interested. With some of these pastors and spiritual instructors "sacerdotalism" is the red rag. They exhaust the epithets of the English language, they bring up all their artillery of sesquipedalian words, their big guns of sarcastic, scornful, denunciatory speech, against the exaltation of the *man* into a *priest*. And when not engaged with "sacerdotalism" they are at the throat of *dogma*. Dogma, they assert, is the root of all the evil which retards the Church of England from being truly and really national. Dogma interferes with and maims liberty. "Religientem esse oportet, religiosum nefas."¹ The sentiment of M. Ernest Renan is theirs, enlarged and writ plain: "Le

¹ "Piety is a duty, Superstition a crime."

devoir du savant est d'exprimer avec franchise le résultat de ses études, sans chercher à troubler la conscience des personnes qui ne sont pas appelées à la même vie que lui, mais aussi sans tenir compte des motifs d'intérêt et des prétendues convenances qui faussent si souvent l'expression de la vérité."¹

It is the cry of reason struggling up to the higher air, while faith stands staring below. It is—so they of this school will tell you—but the repetition of Prometheus bound, impotent, yet potent to hurl defiance at the presiding Zeus. The old bottles are worn out, the new wine of our vintage will be spilt: let us have those of new make. Forgetful are they that ofttimes when men have well drunk they turn with a sigh and say, "The old is better."

Yet this positive abhorrence of *dogma* is to be found in the manifesto of the politician, the literature of science, and not least in works of fiction. The clergyman who abides by dogma is nearly always contrasted in ridicule with his brother clergyman who prefers liberty of thought to catechism and creed. Says Canon Liddon in his university sermons of about twenty years ago: "Dogma is assumed, rather than stated in terms, to be untrue. This assumption is partly traceable to a weakened belief in the reality of an objective revelation committed to the Church of God. . . . The hands that direct the onslaught are the hands of Esau; but the voice gives utterance to no native type of English thought: it is the voice of the philosophy of Hegel." Whether this philosophy has done more than tinge the religious feelings of a few more thoughtful souls is a question foreign to our purpose. It is certain that the

anti-dogmatic schools need a strong reminder, and an understanding reminder, of the text on which the eloquent Canon's sermon is based, *Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.*

A lawless liberty, falsely so called, which declines to submit except to what can be felt, tasted, handled, can of course have no sympathy with a decided and definite dogma, elastic indeed, yet with clearly distinguishable boundaries, submissive to the will of God "whose service is perfect freedom." Without necessarily going so far as to affirm with St. Cyril, *Μέγιστον τοίνυν κτήμα ἐστὶ τὸ τῶν δογμάτων μάθημα*,² or putting the "science of dogmas" in the foremost place, surely it may be granted that dogma is absolutely fundamental to any Church which is to have consistency. Those who falsely try to win the popular sentiment to their side by stripping teaching of every shred of dogma, are anxious enough to set up shibboleths of their own, which are to the full as definite, only tinged with that excess of arrogance which belongs to all sects and parties which deviate from the main path by reason of supposed superiority. An excellent definition of dogma—to sum up this question—is given by the preacher above alluded to, and one which the extreme latitudinarians might well read and digest—"Dogma is essential Christian truth thrown by authority into a form which admits of its permanently passing into the understanding, and being treasured by the heart of the people."

The attitude of the English people, generally considered, is one in the main of respect. They pass by, and many touch their hats, simply because they recognise the "king's daughter." We shall not be surprised to find that the upper classes affect Church views. Royalty sets the fashion: it is the Court religion. But with brilliant exceptions the upper classes are not

¹ "The duty of the man who knows is to express with freedom the result of his studies, without seeking to trouble the conscience of those who are not called to the same life as himself; but also without considering interested motives and feigned conveniences which so frequently assume the guise of truth."

² "The study of dogma is in truth the most important of all."

religious. Bazaars, and suchlike eccentric charities, do not form the basis of religion. There is an enormous amount of indifference to religion in this class, which as a rule eats too much—if Lady John Manners has not belied her kind—and drinks quite enough, though less than its grandfathers; nor do the clergy devote so much of their energy to changing the lives of this class as they do to others. There are always brilliant exceptions; so there will be always men like the present Bishops of Truro and Lichfield, who, as parish priests in fashionable London produced big results.

No! Religious feeling is not strong in the extremes of society—the upper and the lower classes. Religion and true piety are to be found in the ranks of the great middle section. Here is to be seen the back-bone of the religious feelings and sympathies of England.

But England is becoming more and more democratic; and among the democracy Dissent has undoubted sway. The Church of England recognises this fact. The Church of England must go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in. What the Tory Democrat aims at doing in the political world, must be done by the Church of England in the religious world, if it is to be the national Church. True, it is an undertaking fraught with stupendous difficulty. The teaching of the Board Schools is simply neutral and colourless, if it exists, in matters religious; the Church must in its own way colour education. What the boy is, the man frequently grows to be. If the upper classes are to be a pillar of defence to the Church in perilous times, the Church must educate, must instruct, must be foster-father and foster-mother, else the apathy of the upper classes, who regard Dissent as not very respectable nor very much the religion for a gentleman, will be but a broken reed when the hurricane falls on the Church's devoted head. And this applies more strongly in the case

of the poor. The clergyman, who is first gentleman, or first scholar, must first be an imitation of his Master, "the tribune of the people:" he must be above, yet always of, them; he must win their affections, be their right hand. The example of Lowder is not uncommon: it must be pretty universal if the Church is to be the Church of the people. The Dissenting minister, socially often the inferior of the clergy of the Established Church, speaks with a popular voice in popular tones understood of the people. They sit near each other in the chapel, as they live near each other in the street. They like impassioned language and fervid eloquence; even the Salvationists' drum does not jar on their senses. They understand that Charles Wesley effected as much, or more, by sweet melody and the hymn, as his brother by his oratorical gifts. "Methodism could never have become what it did without its unparalleled hymn-book."

Well, the English clergy, mostly of the High Church party, are comprehending this. High Church in form and belief, these men are evangelical in method. Canons Body, Knox-Little, and others, have learnt the secret of that enthusiastic chameleon, Father Ignatius. Short, stirring missionary addresses, frequent hymns, a service which appeals to the heart first and indirectly to the head—these are the weapons which will cause the Church to be the great power among the people. Its freedom, its liberal sentiments, its teaching based on the Christ of the poor, the carpenter's Son, its beautiful language, its very essence, must charm the English people. The Gospel must knock at their doors; they will not come to hear it, sitting side by side with the richer folk. This working class has no strong prejudices in favour of one religious form over another; but they will very soon believe that the Church of England is entirely Tory and anti-popular. Dissent they will equally soon believe to be their champion.

The Church must display itself as the great national organ for the promotion of *goodness*. If Dissenters tilt at the Church, let it be understood that they are inconsistent, attacking that very quality which they ought most energetically to defend. Let it be seen—and no point is more important than this—that, while those outside the Church are willing to combine for party purposes entirely to harass, vex, and pull down the bulwarks of the Established Church, yet inside, with large divergence of opinion on lesser matters, there is unity; unity aiming at this one end—the dissemination of goodness. If there is within the Church only a zeal for party—as would certainly be the case were the Church disestablished—one man crying, “I am of King,” another “I am of Ryle,” then this

great aim must suffer; discredit must be brought on the Church; and the Church must cease to be national.

Then there will be great rejoicing, even if the moderate Liberals sigh and shrug their shoulders—those elastic shoulders capable of bearing so much! Then also there will be wailing among not a few thinking men, who will see at last that *party* has ascended the throne in all things supreme; supreme at last in matters religious, as it has long been in matters political.

Then will Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, still true to that touch of “sentiment” which adorned his namesake in Sheridan’s immortal comedy, turn to his trusty henchmen and command, “Go, bury now this cursed woman;” adding with a pious afterthought, “for she is a king’s daughter.”

THE 'EUMENIDES' AT CAMBRIDGE.

AMONG the many innovations which the disturbing years have lately brought to our Universities, these presentments of the Greek drama are among the few one suffers gladly. Innovations, indeed, they wholly are not, but rather a revival of an old and honourable custom. Whether the halls of Oxford and Cambridge have before our day rung to the measures of the Attic tragedians I cannot say, but am inclined to think not. In those times when the drama was most liberally cultivated at the Universities, that is, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the general knowledge of the Greek literature and language seems by all accounts to have been no great thing. Mr. Bass Mullinger and the Oxford Historical Society will no doubt tell us all about that some day. But Latin, and at a later time English, plays were frequent. The performances were strictly confined to members of the Universities. Against the general stage-play the face of authority was sternly set; "ludus inhonestus" it was contemptuously styled, and its professional exponent was by no means regarded then as the fine flower of intellectual growth. In 1575, for instance, the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge was warned by the Privy Council "of some attempts of light and decayed persons who for filthy lucre there are minded and do seek nowadays to devise and to set up in open places shows of unlawful, hurtful, pernicious, and dishonest games near to Cambridge," whereby the youth of that University were like to be "enticed from their ordinary places of learning." A few years later, in 1587, the Earl of Leicester's players were bribed with a present of twenty shillings (a sum signifying, of course, considerably more than it would now) not to act in Oxford.

But among the students themselves the drama was liberally encouraged. Indeed, the first statutes of Trinity College, Cambridge, expressly ordained the performance of Latin tragedies and comedies in the hall at Christmas; and at King's also they were a regular feature of the academical year, as they had been long before with the parent of all colleges, with Merton College, Oxford. In 1564 Elizabeth saw the 'Aulularia' of Plautus presented on a stage in the chapel at King's, and also an English play, 'Ezechias,' by the famous Nicholas Udall of Eton, who bears the honour of being the father of English Comedy. Till late years this honour had been always given to one Still, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Vice-Chancellor of his University; his 'Gammer Gurton's Needle,' first played at Christ's College in 1566, was always named as the first of the race, till Collier deposed it and placed the 'Ralph Roister Doister,' of Udall, written about 1540, in its stead. The good bishop seems in his old age to have repented him of his early deviation from the classic path; at least when Vice-Chancellor he remonstrated with Elizabeth's ministers for permitting the entertainment of an English play to be offered to her. These performances for many years made an inevitable part of the honours paid to royalty; and the dramatic tastes of the Cambridge students seem more than once to have caused some unpleasantness. In Henry the Eighth's reign they played a piece called 'Pamachus,' which greatly vexed the loyal soul of Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and their Chancellor. He remonstrated with the Vice-Chancellor, Matthew Parker, and the audience were put under a rigorous examination. Their memories were, however, of that convenient order

displayed by an important witness at the great trial of Queen Caroline: no one could remember anything which really made against the king's righteousness, and so the matter had perforce to be dropped. Mr. Froude, also, tells a terrible tale of a misadventure with Henry's great daughter. She had been staying at Cambridge during one of her "progresses" in the summer of 1564, and been mightily pleased with all she saw and heard. The students prayed her to stay yet one more evening to see a play they had got up for her; but she could not, having to travel far the next day, and intending to sleep some ten miles or so out of the town to break the journey. Then, says Mr. Froude (cruelly, as one who in his day had suffered from the "amateur"), "the students, too enamoured of their performance to lose a chance of exhibiting it, pursued the queen to her resting-place." With royal clemency she suffered the performance; but it seems unfortunately to have been some sort of skit on the Catholic bishops, Bonner, Heath, Thirlby, and the rest who were then waiting judgment in prison, and with royal anger she resented it. With indignant words she rose from her seat, and swept from the room; the lights were turned out, and the discomfited players left to make the best of their way back to Cambridge. But in the reign of her successor a yet greater humiliation fell to the lot of the Oxford players; Elizabeth had been angry, but James was bored, and said so! In 1605 the king was at Oxford, and among the entertainments provided for him were three plays in Christ Church hall, memorable among other things for being, as it is said, the first at which movable scenes arranged by Inigo Jones) were used. One of these plays was called the 'Ajax Flagellifer.' The players, wrote Leland, "had all the goodly antique apparel, but for all that, it was not acted so well by many degrees as I have seen it at Cambridge. The king was very weary before he came

thither, but much more wearied by it, and spoke many words of dislike." Nor was Charles much more fortunate in 1636, when a piece, written by William Strode, the public orator, full of hits against earless Prynne and the Puritans, was performed in the same hall; the worst play, Lord Carnarvon vowed, "that ever he saw, but one that he saw at Cambridge." However, at the same visit Cartwright's 'Royal Slave' was given in the hall of Saint John's College, and at this the queen was so pleased that she had it repeated afterwards at Hampton Court, with the same dresses that had been worn by the Oxford players.¹ On another occasion at the same University, a pastoral, but what or by whom is not specified, was presented before James and his queen, in which the players, according to Winwood, were very sparsely draped indeed; whether this entertainment also provoked words of dislike from the king, or whether it so pleased the queen as to command a royal encore, I cannot say. No doubt, when a French pastoral was played at Hampton Court before Charles, the performers, including the queen and several of her maids of honour, were more decently clad. Between 1605 and 1607 Ben Jonson's 'Volpone' was presented very triumphantly at both Universities; but the plays seem to have been mostly of native production, and, of course, to have been rather flouted by the regular playwrights. In 'The Return from Parnassus' (acted, by the way, at Saint John's College, Cambridge, though possibly with this heretical passage excised), one of the characters observes: "Few of the University pen plays well; they smell too much of that writer Ovid and that writer *Metamorphosis*, and talk too much of Proserpine and Jupiter"—much as certain of our modern playwrights take objection to the style of Shakespeare.

The drama was much in vogue at

¹ See Mr. Gardiner's 'History of England,' VIII. 150-2.

Cambridge when Milton was an undergraduate at Christ's College, but whether he bore any part in it I am not sure; he has written, peevishly says Johnson, against the custom, but that was in his later peevish years; in his youth he seems to have had no objection to theatrical amusements, and from his good looks and his learning one imagines him likely to have been useful to any cast. Then the clouds of Puritanism darkened the face of the land, and the theatre lapsed into disgrace. We read of Cowley's 'Guardian' being played privately at Cambridge in those times, and apparently by a professional company; but till the Restoration the students of either University were probably allowed few, if any, such relaxations from their graver studies. In 1669, however, Cosmo de Medicis, prince of Tuscany, was present at a Latin comedy in Trinity College, Cambridge; and two years later the king himself was entertained with an English play in the same college, as he had been when Prince of Wales just thirty years before. So far as my fragmentary researches have led me this was the last occasion of such honours being paid to royal guests. Neither James, nor William, nor Anne received them, though the latter was entertained at Oxford with a concert in the Theatre. Then the royal visits altogether ceased, till that memorable one whose painful tale is told in Madame D'Arblay's journal. When the author of 'Cecilia,' half fainting from hunger and fatigue, was dragged through Oxford in the train of her royal mistress it is not recorded that any theatrical performance enabled the poor lady-in-waiting to snatch a few minutes of rest. But, indeed, through the greater part of the last century the atmosphere of Oxford at least seems to have been little favourable to such erudite amusements. The evidence of Swift, Chesterfield, Gibbon, to mention but a few notable witnesses, shows but too clearly how sadly Oxford had in those days fallen from her high estate.

But to get to our Greek play; and indeed, it is well that the Eumenides should be gracious goddesses, for they have been kept a long time waiting. Every one knows the genesis of these antique reproductions: how Oxford (that "mother of great movements," as one of the most gifted of her later-born sons has called her) led off with the 'Agamemnon' of Æschylus, and how Cambridge followed with the 'Ajax' of Sophocles and the 'Birds' of Aristophanes. In intrinsic interest the 'Eumenides' of Æschylus is hardly in the first rank. It has not the humanity, nor the majesty, nor the pity of such plays, for instance, as 'Agamemnon' or 'Prometheus,' 'Œdipus the King' or 'Œdipus at Colonos,' the 'Medea' or the 'Alcestis.' It has what to a modern critic would be a radical fault, it deals with a past event; it is disputatious rather than active. On the other hand, certain extrinsic circumstances give it an importance above its purely dramatic qualities; an importance to us, and gave it one, we may suppose, to its first audience. It is, in the first place, a part of the only trilogy extant; it is the final act of one great drama, the story of Orestes, of which the 'Agamemnon' and the 'Choephoroi,' or 'Libation-bearers,' form the first two. To the Athenian, then, who had seen the whole tale evolved, from the primal curse of blood wrought on the house of Atreus through the murder of the husband by the wife, on through the revenge of the son upon the mother, down to the final expiation, there was naturally no such sense of inaction as we feel who see only now the last act. During something over fifty years it was the common, though probably not indispensable, custom for each competing tragedian to produce four plays; three serious ones (not necessarily connected with each other) and a shorter piece, called a *satyros*, or satyric drama, from the Chorus being composed of satyrs; of which the 'Cyclops' of Euripides, familiar, let us hope, even to those who are not

Grecians, through Shelley's admirable translation, is the sole example. This combination was known as a *τετραλογία*, or tetralogy; sometimes the fourth piece was omitted, and then the three tragedies were styled a *τριλογία*, or trilogy. The earliest of such trilogies is that one of Æschylus which contained the 'Perse,' exhibited B.C. 472; the last recorded tetralogy was one exhibited by Euripides B.C. 415, of which the 'Troades' alone remains. The three plays by Æschylus, which form the 'Oresteia,' or story of Orestes, is the only perfect trilogy which has survived. This fact (which is, of course, common knowledge to all students of the Greek drama, but for such I do not presume to write), it is well to bear in mind when considering the 'Eumenides' as a play.

But to the Athenians it had another importance; one, indeed, not altogether proper "to the purpose of playing," yet one which even those fine critics could not have wholly put by. At the time of the play, about 458 B.C., the time of the rupture with Sparta and the alliance with Argos, the feeling between the Aristocratic party, or Conservatives as we should now say, led by Cimon, and the Democratic party led by Pericles, was at its height. Progress was the order of the day, and one of the most popular movements on that dim uncertain road was the abolition of the Areopagus, which one fond, like Mr. Courthope, of political parallels, might explain as the disestablishment of the House of Lords. At any rate that old aristocratic assembly was to go, or at least to be reformed away into practical nothingness. It was, said the Democrats, old-fashioned, unwieldy, superfluous, the stronghold of a selfish nobility: it must go. One of its especial privileges was that of supreme jurisdiction in all cases of homicide. Ephialtes, the most popular champion of the Democratical party next to Pericles, is believed by some to have brought forward a motion to abolish this special privilege. He

had certainly caused the laws of Solon to be brought down from the Acropolis and deposited in the marketplace, so as to signify the transfer of their guardianship from the senate to the people, a piece of impiety, as many of course called it, for which he not long after paid with his life. Others, however, and among them both Thirlwall and Grote, hold that the jurisdiction in cases of murder was still to be left, and in fact to be the sole power left, to the Areopagus. It is certain that some such power, nominally at any rate, belonged to that assembly very nearly down to the Christian era; but that any real attempt had ever been made to annul it is not so certain. This uncertainty throws a curious doubt on the exact tendency of the political allusions in the last scene of the play. Æschylus, as became "a man of Marathon," might certainly be supposed to have been on the side of the Tories, and the charge of Athena to the twelve citizens whom she had summoned to decide between the Furies and Orestes, seems surely to point that way.

"O men of Athens, ye who first do judge
The law of bloodshed, hear me now ordain—
Here to all time, for Ægeus' Attic host,
Shall stand this council-court of judges
sworn;
Here the tribunal, set on Ares' Hill
Where camped of old the tented Amazons,
What time in hate of Theseus they assailed
Athena, and set against her citadel
A counterwork of new sky-pointing towers,
And there to Ares held their sacrifice,
Where now the rock hath name, even Ares'
Hill.
And hence shall Reverence and her kinsman
Fear
Pass to each free man's heart, by day and
night,
Enjoining, 'Thou shalt do no unjust thing,'
So long as Law stands as it stood of old
Unmarred by civic change. Look you, the
spring
Is pure; but foul it once with influx vile
And muddy clay, and none can drink
thereof.
Therefore, O citizens, I bid ye bow
In awe to this command, 'Let no man live
Uncurbed by Law or curbed by tyranny,
Nor banish ye the monarchy of Awe
Beyond the walls; untouched by fear
divine
No man doth justice, in the world of men

Therefore in purity and holy awe
Stand and revere ; so shall ye have and hold
A saving bulwark of the state and land,
Such as no man hath ever elsewhere known,
Nor in far Scythia, nor in Pelops' realm.
Thus I ordain it now,
A court unsullied by the lust of gain,
Sacred and swift to vengeance, wakeful ever
To champion men who sleep, the country's
guard.
Thus have I spoken, thus to mine own clan
Commended it for ever."

It certainly seems hard to understand this in any other light than that of an emphatic appeal against meddling with an august and precious institution. But others have thought that the poet's real design was to urge the Athenians to be content with the jurisdiction over murderers still to be left by the reformers in the hands of the old tribunal ; and they argue from this and from a later passage praising the alliance with Argos, that *Æschylus* was really on the side of *Pericles*. It is impossible for any man to say precisely how this may have been. It may be that the poetic voice had after all some influence, and that *Ephialtes* thought it prudent to moderate his first proposal. This, however, could only be settled by a knowledge of the precise dates of the passing of the measure and the production of the play ; and perhaps it is the safest way to believe that the poet, like a wise man, so framed his words that his hearers might take them each according to his disposition. But the political turn is there, clear enough, whichever way it tended ; and one can well understand how keen a zest it must have given to the closing scene among that curious, eager, restless people, at a time when the current of party-feeling ran so high.

Other causes than these had, no doubt, too, their share in the selection of the play by those responsible for its choice at Cambridge. The feelings which stirred the Greek audience of old, and the feelings which stir

the Greek student of to-day, could hardly with reason be allowed an *Areopagitic* supremacy of jurisdiction. The spectacular quality of the drama now, as then, must come into the account, and in this quality the '*Eumenides*' is particularly rich ; especially in that side of the quality which turns most strongly to modern melodrama. The Chorus of Furies obviously was full of possibilities : the three scenes, the temple of *Apollo* at *Delphi*, the temple of *Athena* on the *Acropolis*, the *Areopagus*, all so closely bound up with the national history and religion of the Athenians, these, too, would naturally play their part in determining the choice of a play designed to reproduce to modern eyes so essential a feature of old Greek life. And from one point of view no possibility had been missed. Allowing for the smallness of the stage—and when one considers how large a share in the pomp and majesty of the performance the spacious Athenian theatre must have played, the allowance is no slight one—allowing for this, the furnishing of the scene, the grouping of the characters, and all what we call generally stage-management, was admirably picturesque and effective. Especially so was the last scene of all, when the fair words of *Athena* had prevailed upon the baffled Furies to put by their anger and become gracious goddesses indeed ; and when the white-robed attendants filed past the judgment-seat, with solemn chant escorting '*Night's childless children*' to their new home beneath the Sacred Hill :—

" With loyalty we lead you : proudly go,
Night's childless children, to your home
below !
(O countrymen, a while from words forbear !)
To Darkness' deep primeval lair,
Far in Earth's bosom, downward fare,
Adored with prayer and sacrifice !
(O citizens, forbear your cries !)
Pass hitherward, ye powers of Dread,
With all your wrath, that was, allayed
Into the heart of this loved land ;
With joy unto your temple wend,
The while upon your steps attend
The flames that feed upon the brand—
(Now, now ring out your chant, your joy's
acclaim !)

¹ '*The House of Atreus*,' by E. D. A. Morshead, M.A., late Fellow of New College, Assistant Master of Winchester College ; from which the translations of the play here used are taken.

Behind them, downward as they fare,
 Let holy hands libations bear,
 And torches' sacred flame.
 All-seeing Zeus and Fate come down
 To battle fair for Pallas' town!
 Ring out your chant, ring out your joy's
 acclaim!"

Even there, cabined and confined within the narrow compass of the little Cambridge theatre, the pomp and circumstance of the scene were singularly fine and stirring. What must it not have been in Athens itself, in Athens of the prime! in the great theatre of Dionysus on the very slope of the Sacred Hill, as the stately pageant paced along in the delicate air and gracious sunlight of the Attic spring, and the rhythmic chant of the Chorus swelled to its final notes of triumph!

"Then what golden hours were for us,
 As we sat together there,
 When the white vests of the Chorus
 Seemed to wave up a live air!
 When the cothurns trod majestic
 Down the deep iambic lines,
 And the rolling anapestic
 Curled like vapour over shrines!"

How were these plays acted? What the plays were themselves we know, and with tolerable certainty we know what the theatrical arrangements were, the building and furnishing of the stage, the number of the actors and the chorus, the scenes, the dresses. But the *acting*? Of that we really know nothing; each man is free to form his own conclusions from his own consciousness, or the learning of others. For my part I must frankly own that, save for that last scene, and a momentary picture or two, the performance in no way tallied with my notions of a Greek play; clever it indisputably was, picturesque, animated, striking; but, even allowing for the inevitable and impassable gulf which divides the old world from the new, root and branch opposed to all my poor intellect had ever conceived of the original. Of *acting*, as we take the word, I cannot imagine the Greeks to have had any idea, at least before the day of the New Comedy. We know that the actors wore huge masks, constructed in some forgotten fashion

to swell the volume of the voice, which must otherwise in that vast unroofed theatre have been but a feeble pipe; we know that they increased their stature by various means. Surely thus accoutred and encumbered their movements must necessarily have been more deliberate and measured than those the brisk vivacious style of the modern stage affects. Would the shade of Clytemnestra, for example (and how admirable it was in its first inception!) would that "dim sheeted ghost," with the red gash still marring the white throat, have rushed like a mere angry mortal down among the sleeping Furies? Nothing could have been more impressive than its entrance, and the way it spoke its first reproaches, from the inmost recesses of the shrine, half shrouded in the altar-smoke—

"Sleep on! Awake! what skills your sleep to me!"—

seemed very much to me the right way. Should it not have been so to the end? Should not the voice alone have been suffered to rouse the sleepers? Something one fancies this ghost to have been like that shape Saul saw at Endor, and so to have spoken:

"From lips that moved not and unbreathing
 frame,
 Like cavern'd winds the hollow accents
 came."

Or, if the phantom must have employed some more human action, might it not have been something more deliberate and dignified?

'Awake and hear—for mine own soul I cry—
 Awake, ye powers of hell! the wandering
 soul
 That once was Clytemnestra calls—arise!"

Surely in these words one finds no indication of mere human hurry and bustle, of rousing the sleepers as one might rouse a lazy boy from his bed for morning school! Again, when the Pythian priestess rushes out from the inner shrine where she has seen the slumbering monsters, and falls in her terror supine upon the stage, how does the text support this action?

"Things fell to speak of, fell for eyes to see,
Have sped me forth again from Loxias' shrine,
With strength unstrung, moving erect no more,
But aiding with my hands my failing feet,
Unnerved by fear."

True, there was a time when an ingenious Scholiast, foreshadowing the age of realism, supposed this to signify that the priestess came crawling in on her hands and knees; but then a Scholiast is capable of anything. And, indeed, I am not sure that even so very literal an interpretation would not match the text better than this "back fall"!

But there is another reason, which, to me at least, carries yet greater weight; there is the quality of the verse. I cannot think that those majestic Greek iambs were spoken in the conversational style of modern dialogue, just as I cannot conceive the style of the modern stage to suit the scarce less majestic iambic of Shakespeare. Let me be permitted for once to quote the native Greek:

"Βρίξει γὰρ αἷμα καὶ παραίνεται χερὸς
μητροκτόνον μίαισμα δ' ἔκπλυτον πέλει·
ποταίνιον γὰρ ὃν πρὸς ἱστία θεοῦ
φοῖβον καθαρμοῖς ἡλάθη χοιροκτόνοις." ¹

Place beside it such a passage as this—

"Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their withered hands hold up
Toward Heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul."

Surely it is not considering too curiously to consider that verse of this great quality demands a style and tone of speech altogether different from that modern custom, and perhaps I may add modern language, prescribes. Surely

¹ "Look, how the stain of blood
Is dull upon my hand, and wastes away,
And laved and lost therewith is the deep
curse
Of matricide. For while the guilt was new,
'Twas banished from me at Apollo's hearth,
Atoned and purified by death of swine."

a grand manner of speech is needful here, if ever needful anywhere; some larger utterance than our frail modern tongues are taught to frame, to do fit service to these imperial cadences. "They stand generally still in solemn dignified attitudes, so as to look very much like coloured statues or figures in a bas-relief; and they utter the sonorous verse in a kind of recitative, yet so distinctly that the words may be accurately heard by all the audience."² In this passage seems to me to lie the very purpose of the old Greek playing.

About the Chorus there must be even more uncertainty; about all Greek music there is uncertainty. It seems, however, to be generally agreed that the accompaniment to the choric odes of tragedy and to the movements of the singers was of some very solemn and simple kind. One fancies, at least, that it could never have been loud enough to drown, or even to interfere with, the voices of the singers; that it must have been essentially an accompaniment. If one most ignorant of the musical art may be permitted to guess, I should be inclined to think it might possibly have been something like that we call the Gregorian chant. However, it is but impertinence in me to speak of such things, and I certainly should not presume to criticise Mr. Stanford's music. It was said to be very good, and I can well believe it was so. Certainly, even to an unskilled ear, there were many passages in it most pleasing and it seemed most congenial to the words and motive; the closing chant, for example, and the song beginning—

"ἄγε δὴ καὶ χορὸν ἄψωμεν, ἐπεὶ
μοῦσαν στύγερὰν
ἀποφαίνεσθαι δεδόκηκεν."

"Weave the weird dance,—behold, the hour
To utter forth the chant-of hell—"

² 'Æschylus,' by Reginald S. Copleston, Fellow and Lecturer of St. John's College, Oxford (the present Bishop of Colombo); in Blackwood's 'Ancient Classics for English Readers'—one of the best volumes in an admirable series.

and probably only to an unskilled ear could it at any time have sounded too loud, too overpowering, too noisy.

But, after all, these things can only be to us as the judicious may determine. And probably the most judicious will determine only that he knows nothing. It must all be mere guesswork; and the cleverest guess will be leagues, it may be, away from the reality. How far probably from the reality are all our efforts to bring back the form and colour of the vanished past! And, to take another view, who shall say that the responsible authorities were not wise in their kind to modernise on every side this old-world scene? To a generation which can find in Shakespeare only an excuse for carpentering and upholstery, what yawning abysses of despair would not a Greek play reveal, if it were any thing such as I have here feebly essayed to conceive. And from the modern view how good it was! How thoroughly done, how smooth and well ordered! In how few English-speaking theatres would one find anything like the precision, intelligence, and accuracy with which these players had mastered assuredly no holiday task! How refreshing even to think of the long hours these buoyant young spirits—

“There in the joy of their life and glory of shooting-jackets,”—

must have passed without a murmur in the mere acquisition of the text and the dull routine of rehearsal! How incomparably superior an occupation to agitating for the franchise, or riding on bicycles, or any other of those debasing enjoyments which a younger generation has adopted for the enchantments that once were ours of the middle age! What a succession of bright engaging pictures, of radiant figures! What ideal gods of Hellas were Apollo and Hermes! Like the Ionians glorified in the old Homeric hymn, one might have thought them

immortal and unaging; or as that conquering son of Archestratos whom Pindar saw in his spring-tide bloom beside the altar at Olympia. The propriety of assigning Athena's part to a woman is not so certain. The fact that all the personages of the Attic theatre were presented by males we may pass by; that is a sentiment, and those who after due thought determined to “do it after the high modern fashion” were surely wise to discard all sentiment. But the voice! The female voice, that excellent thing in woman, is, as a woman has herself said,

“Somewhat low for aas and oas.”

It is hardly competent to give the necessary volume and emphasis to those grand Greek syllables, to say nothing of the inevitable contrast with the deeper voices around it. But, when this has been said, it must be also said that hard indeed it would have been to find either man or woman to deliver the words with more clearness and perception; or to present a more charming figure in the white robe, glancing helmet, and long-shadowing spear—even if charm be not the capital idea we should get from the vision of her whose eyes could “shine terribly.”

The Furies must have been difficult creatures to deal with, even as Orestes found them. As a Chorus certainly they were most exactly trained, and marshalled by a most earnest and skilful leader. Their guise is said to have been copied as literally as might be from some old vase-paintings, and so one must not dispute it. Certainly they made a grim and ghastly band enough, if possibly a shade more grotesque than necessary.

And, for the last word, may one say, without being impertinent or captious, that it was all indeed a very pretty poem, if one must not call it *Æschylus*?

MOWBRAY MORRIS.

ODE ON A NEAR PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

THE SHADE OF DR. HAWTREY SPEAKS.

WAKED from my sleep on thy dear breast,
 Etona, by some strange unrest
 Thy hallowed stones I tread;
 Beholding startled, sad, dismayed,
 The spot wherein my boyhood played,
 My manhood ruled as Head.

A narrower, less pellucid air
 Pervades thy courts and cloisters, where,
 Scholars and gentlemen,
 Of ampler thought, serener brow,
 δι' αἰθέρος λαμπροτάτου
 ἄβρως εἰβαίνομεν.

Here, in those generations gone,
 Fairer than their own Helicon
 The Muses found a home;
 Here taught our lisping tongues to raise
 Some echoes of those deathless lays,
 The glory of the golden days
 Of Athens and of Rome.

Vanished is now that heavenly Choir;
 The thoughts that burn, the poet's fire
 A colder age disdains;
 The mighty roll of Homer's verse
 Gives way to German, French, or worse,
 And Prose triumphant reigns.

Strange studies whose outlandish name
 My shuddering lips refuse to frame
 The place of Classics fill;
 Long Chamber is improved away,
 King's Scholars gownless now may stray;
 The Brewery is still.

To "Absence" oft, to chapels more,
 To schools far longer than of yore
 Thy sad Alumni flock;
 More frequent "Pænas" to be done,
 More stern commands to "Come at one,"
 And—shade of Keate, forgive them!—none
 To worship at the block!

Ode on a Near Prospect of Eton College.

These changes, to an Eton mind
 So rude, so needless and unkind,
 I might perchance condone,
 If but the Vandal's ruthless hand
 Would let thine ancient buildings stand,
 Would leave thy walls alone.

But no! the whirlwind of reform
 E'en Upper School must wreath in storm,
 And desolation spread
 O'er those old panels that enshrine,
 Column on column, line on line,
 The memories of thy dead.

What stories could those panels tell
 Of sons of thine, who, through the spell
 And magic of thy name,
 In England's victories have bled,
 Her fortunes ruled, her senates led,
 O'er Letters, Art, Religion, shed
 The lustre of thy fame!

The Library whose precincts yield
 Some quiet hours from stream and field,
 Whose wealth of lettered lore
 'Twas mine to cherish and adorn,
 From old associations torn,
 Must know its place no more!

That home which Savile, Keate, and I,
 Found good enough in days gone by,
 Is this too doomed to fall,
 And in one common ruin blend
 Each old familiar gabled friend
 Whose roofs in dear disorder trend
 Down to the Sacred Wall!

If gentle Henry's holy shade
 But dreamed the havoc to be made,
 Not e'en the crack of doom
 Would in more consternation call
 His statue from its pedestal,
 His spirit from its tomb!

Sons of our Gracious Mother, wake!
 Ere yet the billows o'er her break,
 Roll back the rising tide;
 That unborn ages may behold
 On her high banner's blazoned fold
 "Esto perpetua," still enrolled
 The motto of her pride!

R. M. T.

A STRANGE TEMPTATION.

I.

I WENT to Alderthwaite for rest and change of scene. Perhaps the place was ill chosen, for I knew it to have been a favourite haunt of Wilfrid Gale's. This very knowledge attracted me to the spot, when it ought to have driven me away; for if I wanted a real mental change I should have gone to some retreat wholly unconnected with the memory of my friend.

Wilfrid Gale had died young; weary, heart-sick, and disappointed. His ambition had brought to him only humiliation, his talent had led him on to despair. He was a literary genius, undeveloped, but full of promise, and his hopes of early success had been withered by neglect, or nipped by cruel criticism. If he had been a strong man he might have faced the world's indifference until it had changed to applause; but his health was delicate and his organisation sensitive; and he may be said to have died of his last failure, a failure which a little waiting might have turned to success.

The story of his life was a sad one, and it seemed to his sister Alison a real tragedy. In her eyes his genius seemed immense, his difficulties unprecedented. He had been her hero, his talents had been her glory, and his defeat brought to her the keenest disappointment. He was one of the immortals, and she the favoured being destined to minister at his side, and shine in the reflected brightness of his success. So she had dreamed in happier days, before she knew that her lot would be darker than this; that she was fated only to soothe his sorrows and to watch by him in the weary days of his passing away.

I had always believed in Wilfrid's talent and ultimate success, and I

admired his sister a great deal. When he died I readily undertook the task of editing his works; this was proposed to me by his publishers, and I carried it out with zeal and enjoyment. His writing was good, though somewhat immature, and the last of his books was full of an irregular but highly original power. He had accepted its defeat too soon. The literary world was still hesitating whether to forget it and let it pass by, to be stranded on a lonely shore for ever; or to take it up with enthusiasm and to waft it down the tide of the generations in a whirlwind of applause. The death of the author turned the scale; the work received immediate and general attention; my little introductory *Life of Wilfrid Gale* was read with interest; there was a demand for a complete edition of his writings. He was declared to be among the immortals who had died young, leaving the world only a faint indication of their undoubted powers. His neglected productions were neatly bound in volumes suitable for a library of classical literature; some of his characters were declared to be creations of such power that they could never be forgotten; they must secure to their author a permanent niche in the great temple of fame.

Nothing else could have consoled Alison Gale so much for the death of her brother. His most earnest desire had been realised—though he might not know it—and his life had not been thrown away. She chose to believe that it was mainly through my instrumentality that "justice" had at last been done to him.

"They would not listen," she said. "I knew if he could only get their attention once, all difficulty would be over. You have made them hear

against their will, and now they can never forget, never be indifferent again."

Her gratitude was very pleasant to me, though I thought it overstrained. I had certainly spoken from a vantage ground which her brother had never reached. I was not a clever man myself, but I had the reputation of one, which was a more profitable thing. I belonged to a literary family. I had run in the grooves of publication all my life. I wrote for critical papers, my name carried weight, and I was credited with more judgment than I possessed. Perhaps I *had* given my poor friend's little bark the final shove that was wanted to get it off the shallows into the current of popularity; I stood at a good spot for making such pushes, and I was sometimes inclined to regret that I had no large venture of my own to embark. On this occasion I had put more strength than usual into the effort of launching; I had been moved by my friend's death, interested in his works, and excited by his sister's appeal to me to do my best. My nerves were overstrained, my identity seemed lost in that of Wilfrid Gale; I lived in the world of his creations and could not get back into a wholesome atmosphere of cynical selfishness; his enthusiasm possessed me; I was in one of those moods in which—if the exponents of fashionable modern Buddhism are right—the wandering earthly shell, the discarded mortal will of my dead friend, might easily have taken hold of me, and bent me to its service. My poor friend's will had never been a very strong one, however, never so strong as his genius, and something happened to me wholly different from this.

I went down to Alderthwaite to have a quiet time, boating on the lake and wandering on the moors. Alison Gale bade me good-bye with tears in her eyes; and I felt, as I pressed her hand and looked into her sad face, that she who had been the inspiration of my recent task might be willing

soon to become its reward. The devotion she had lavished on her brother might be transferred at last to his best friend, as she persisted in calling me.

This thought was a pleasant one, and I hoped to fill up idle moments at Alderthwaite with happy day-dreams of my own. I intended to think of Alison and of my own future, and to have done for the present with Wilfrid and his melancholy fate.

When I got down to the place I found that the inn at which my friend had usually stayed was closed for repairs. I was obliged to take lodgings at a farmhouse on the shore of the lake. It was a tumble-down, picturesque place, which had once been the manor-house, and still held the proud name of Alderthwaite Hall. Two half ruined towers rose at its corners, smothered in ivy, and one window only looked out on the lonely waters of the lake, with the unpeopled fells rising from its further shore. The farm people occupied some buildings at the back, with a cheerful view into their own stable-yards and pig-styes. The east side of the house was reserved for lodgers, artists, fishermen, and such eccentric creatures, who preferred scenery to comfort. It had a separate entrance, and was tolerably furnished. The great attractions of the place were the vicinity of the water and the use of the shabby boat.

I fancied that I could be very comfortable there for a couple of weeks; so I engaged rooms, sent for my traps, and established myself in the place.

Before proceeding further I must explain that I did not believe in ghosts, and had no connection with any psychical society. I was not on the look-out for spiritual experiences, and I believed that a healthy mind in a healthy body would enable any man to laugh at suggestions of the supernatural.

Perhaps at this time my mind was *not* in a healthy condition, and I became subject to delusions, like some other unfortunate persons. In that

case I have done a grievous wrong to a friend whom I loved, and wrecked my own life without any reason whatever. I am impelled to tell my story in the hope that, if it does not justify my conduct, it will at least explain the terrible temptation in which I was unexpectedly placed. It may be also that some persons will take my own view of the case, and believe that I was impelled to put an end to much unmerited and useless suffering, at the cost of trouble to myself and disappointment to the woman I loved.

My first evening at Alderthwaite Hall was a pleasant one; the weather was fine, and I strolled out along the shore of the lake. Afterwards I returned to my room, and wrote a few letters. The room was comfortable and cheerful in the lamp-light; the only thing that troubled me about it was a perplexing sense of familiarity, as if I had been in the place before, and had some sad association with it. This, of course, was impossible.

The quietness of the place was agreeable to me in the irritated state of my nerves. The farmyard sounds had ceased; the farm people were out of hearing at the other side of the building. There was a glimmer of moonlight on the lake, and I had not drawn down the blind of my window, so that I could see the still shining water whenever I lifted my head from my paper.

It was strange that this deep silence did not produce an impression of solitude. On the contrary I continually felt as if some one were sitting in the room watching me. More than once I looked over my shoulder with a start to see who it was. Then I smiled at my own imagination, which peopled this solitude with personages.

Nevertheless, the impression returned as soon as I had become absorbed in my work: I felt that a woman—a woman whom I knew quite well—sat in a chair behind me, watching with folded hands. The impression always grew upon me in an indirect sort of manner as my attention

became more and more diverted to my work; when it had become sufficiently intense to be disturbing, and so to rouse me to think of it seriously, it vanished.

There was nothing in the nature of terror in this unusual sensation of a familiar presence when nobody was there. I had something of the same feeling in the passages of the house, and when I went up to my bedroom, just as if the place were occupied by persons whom I knew quite well, and might expect to meet without any surprise on the landings or the stairs. The closed doors which I passed on my way did not seem to me to be shut on empty rooms—persons who were not strangers lived behind them, and might come out and speak to me at any moment.

This impression was not unpleasant, though I smiled at its unreality. I supposed that living in a crowd had made it impossible for me to realise all at once the fact of solitude, and the complete stillness of deserted rooms. My imagination peopled them with beings full of life and business, going about in a silent manner something like my own. Once I had a fancy that I met a young girl on the stairs, who smiled at me as she passed. I found myself smiling in return before I had time to consider the folly of it. Another time I thought a child's laugh disturbed the air outside, but no child was near when I went to the door to look round.

On the second evening I went for a row on the lake by moonlight. I kept near the shore, and I was coasting a promontory, where a great tree hid from me the tiny bay on the other side, when I was startled by a faint cry beyond the darkness of the foliage. There seemed to be a shiver of the water, a shining of ripples in the moonlight, and then all was still again. When I rowed round the point, the little bay was quiet enough; there was no sign of any movement or any presence there.

Nevertheless, as I made my way

home again I was oppressed by the consciousness of something in the atmosphere more tragic and intense than usual ; my mental feelings were analogous to those physical ones described by many when there is "thunder in the air." Something remarkable was going to happen, nay, *was* happening, just outside the range of my perceptions ; I groped in the darkness, and had not the sense necessary to discover what was going on around me. To all outward appearance the world was quiet, and at rest ; to my uneasy consciousness it was full of a painful life which depressed without revealing itself to me.

When my landlady brought my supper that night I took occasion to ask if the place had ever been haunted, but she repelled the idea with indignation. Nothing had ever happened there to *make* it haunted, she said. It had always been a well-to-do place, with well-to-do and well-behaved folks living there. I came to the conclusion that my own nerves were at fault, and that a period of rest and quiet would dissipate all unpleasant fancies.

But the next night as I sat at the table writing a hand seemed to be laid on my shoulder. I turned quickly, and seemed to see a woman's eyes fixed on me in the dimness behind. There was something commanding in the look, and the hand held me as if to compel attention. I roused myself to an attitude of repellent observation, and as I looked defiantly into the shadow the sensations faded away ; there was no hand on my shoulder, there were no eyes in the dimness ; yet, before they went, their look had seemed to change from passionate insisting to entreaty, reproach, despair.

I got up and walked about the room impatiently, determined to shake off my nervous weakness ; something stopped me once, like a sob of disappointment, but when I listened, again there was silence.

I moved the furniture ; I looked into the cupboards ; finally, I took my hat and went out. But from that

time forward I was haunted not only by the consciousness of a life which moved unseen around me, but also by that of a reproachful personality, which followed me sadly from hour to hour, and vainly strove to open some communication with me.

I did not want the communication, for my part. I avoided it, and repelled it. It seemed to me the beginning of madness, or of some knowledge too sad to be borne. When in my idler moments the consciousness grew upon me, and the look and the touch took more definite form, until it seemed as if they would blend at last into a voice which I must hear, then I roused myself defiantly, and said to the unknown presence, "You are not there ; I do not believe in you ; I will not see you," and stared hard into the daylight or the darkness.

With the sound of a little sigh, the breath of a hope gone out, the presence would cease to be, and I stood free for a time.

In all these strange visitations, which grew more frequent and more defined, I could not say that I ever *heard*, or *saw*, or *felt* any distinct thing ; I was only conscious through my brain, through my intelligence, as distinguished from my senses at the moment, that they were there to be heard, or felt, or seen.

I knew that some one spoke, I felt certain that some one looked at me, but it was with the consciousness with which we realise things told in clever books that I knew it. My senses had little to do with this experience ; as soon as I roused myself to have full command over them, I became convinced that my impressions had no foundation in fact ; they were woven out of my own vivid imagination and seemed real because my nerves were weak.

This feeling of being continually followed by a presence which was sometimes reproachful and sometimes beseeching was, however, very unpleasant. The vague curiosity which I occasionally felt concerning the other

visionary personalities which appeared to live round me was quelled by my instinctive resistance to the one who seemed to have some claim or to make some demand upon me. I felt at times as if an effort was being made to reach me in some way and to compel my conscious attention. There was something I was to be made to know, something I was to understand.

I had no desire to understand it. The only world with which I had, so far, had any personal acquaintance, contained a great deal of unpleasantness, and a large number of responsibilities. I did not wish to be introduced to another one, and to be entangled in its troubles. I felt sure, already, that it was full of troubles. If it was a real world I wished to have nothing to do with it; if, on the other hand, it was the creation of my ill-controlled fancy, this fancy must be resisted in the interest of my own sanity.

As my health improved and I began to eat and to sleep well, and yet the strange impressions did not pass away, I resolved to leave Alderthwaite, and so to get rid of them. I announced my resolution to my landlady, without telling her my reason, and I began to pack up my things. But from the moment when I determined to go the struggle, if I may call it so, became more intense. I never felt alone; beseeching hands followed me, entreating voices spoke to me, angry eyes looked at me. What they asked I did not know; I only knew that I could not be rid of them however much I absorbed myself in activity.

At last I was tired, and sat down to rest in my sitting-room. It was late in the evening; I had only a couple of letters to write, giving my change of address. The farm people had gone to bed early as usual, and most of the haunting images of the daytime had faded away with it. I was alone, yet not alone; for one was with me, persistent, demanding, unwearied.

I sat at the table and felt that, as

before, eyes watched me and waited, eyes that I could not see, but which strove to make me *feel* their presence. Another will besides mine penetrated the gloom of the place, and a resolve, strong with the strength of despair, seemed to struggle with my resolution to go away ignorant. The strength of this resolve, and the painfulness of it, impressed itself upon me ever more and more. It seemed to myself that, at last, with a certain outbreak of impatience, I yielded to the demand made upon me, and turned round from the window with a look of inquiry in my eyes.

At first I saw nothing unusual in the shadow of that corner where rested an apparently empty chair. But I knew that some one was there, and I felt that my momentary surrender had been accepted. A certain power from the darkness seemed to reach me and hold my attention fixed; and then without any feeling of surprise I began to see that some one sat in the chair, and to meet the gleam of eager eyes fixed on me with intentness. I knew then that—whether madness or knowledge lay before me—it was too late to escape. My former experiences had been vague impressions; my present was one of deliberate, though unwilling, observation.

The eyes grew clearer and more luminous, and the outlines of the face became more distinct. It was a dark and angry countenance, the face of a woman of thirty, handsome, but very unhappy. Her look was fixed upon me with something like a command, yet it was not a command, it was rather a conscious and determined force; she did not order me to surrender to her all my thoughts, she made me do it; she held me with the strength of a desperate resolve, as if aware of a reluctance on my part, of a desire to escape.

As the features took distinctness the pale lips quivered, a flash of sombre triumph lightened the gloomy eyes.

"At last!" she said, "at last! How long you have resisted."

Her voice came to me like a new consciousness, with which my hearing had little to do; it was a human voice, but with a tone and quality which I had never heard before. I did not attempt to speak in return; I waited to hear more.

"You knew, yet you would not know," she went on; "you saw, but you would not believe. You have fought against my will and persisted in a blindness which would not be enlightened. But I could not give way. You were my only hope."

I was tormented by a sense of recognition, which overcame my reluctance to acknowledge by any words this strange presence. To speak would add to the power of this mysterious being, woman or spirit, who had taken form in the gloom, and—according to her own declaration—forced herself upon my consciousness; but my wonder was stronger than my fear, and so I answered her.

"Who are you? I seem to know you. Have I ever seen you before?"

She smiled a sombre smile.

"You know me. Who better? Have you not worked me up to fuller life, given to me a more vivid personality, a distincter consciousness? Your friend, who made me, hardly knew me so well."

This was a strange answer; my head was throbbing with a heated confusion of ideas and images. The clue to the woman's identity seemed only just out of my reach; she was familiar to me as an old friend; but when, where, and how could I have seen her before?

"But for you," she went on, "I might have died an easy death, an early death. *He* had little vital force to put into me. I should hardly have known or understood before the end came and I faded out of life, how I came to be, and what I was. I could not have resented the cruelty of him—and you."

"Of me!" I answered, in deeper

wonder. "How can I have injured you—and when?"

"Do you not understand *yet*?" she said. "And there are the others, too."

"What others?" I demanded, with a feeling of growing chilliness and discomfort. Could I be in a world of ghosts, of ghosts gone mad with trouble, who mistook me for their injurer? I seemed to have wandered into a strange corner of spirit-land, and to have at last learnt to see the sights there, and hear the sounds; but the land was a dismal one indeed.

"Come with me and see," she answered; and rising from the chair in which she had seemed to sit, she walked towards the door.

I had no choice of action; the possibility of resistance did not even occur to me. Her will was stronger than mine, and, when once she had overcome the preliminary difficulty of my stupidity (a stupidity which had proved serviceable for once in delaying this unpleasant experience), when she had forced upon me the consciousness of her presence, I was compelled to follow her and to receive the end of the revelation.

She led me up the dark staircase to a little unused bedroom. It had, at least since my residence in the house, been always empty before of any human presence. As the door opened before her now, I was conscious that some one was within. The woman with the dark eyes turned and watched the effect upon me of the scene she revealed.

At first I was hardly aware what I saw; my hold on the spirit-world seemed slight, its sights and sounds reached me with difficulty; but as my guide kept her eyes fixed upon me, frowning with displeasure at my perplexity, the whole scene grew into distinctness as she had done.

A candle burnt on the little table; beside it, on a low chair, sat a lovely girl with a little baby in her arms. She could hardly be twenty years old, but her face was wan, her large eyes

bright with suffering. She was watching with anxiety a young man who paced up and down the room with an angry countenance.

"I am sick of it all," he said, "sick of you and the child, and the whole lot of it. I shall be off to the colonies and begin a new life. To-morrow will see the end of this one. You may go back to your friends."

"George!" She rose to her feet with a cry of dismay. "They will not have me. I quarrelled with them all for your sake."

"More fool you!"

"George!" she repeated, as she put the baby in the cradle and went forward to catch at his hand; "if you go, take me with you. I will go—anywhere."

"Didn't I tell you I was sick of the sight of you?" he growled.

"But, George, it is for the child," she answered, with a catch of the breath. "I am sick, I am ill; I cannot work for him; if you leave us I shall die, and then—my little baby!"

She held his hand passionately, and, partly through weariness, partly in terrified entreaty, she sank on her knees beside him, arresting his impatient walk.

"You ought to be precious glad to get rid of me," he answered roughly; "you can't pretend to be fond of me yet."

"No," she said, with passionate impudence, "I can't; I know you too well. It is because of the child!"

He snatched his hand from her in his sudden rage, and struck her a fierce blow on the forehead. With a low cry she fell to the ground, and lay there sobbing painfully.

I stood in my place dumb with horror and indignation; but my guide aroused me with an impatient word, drove me with the force of her look (I can describe it in no other way) back into the passage, and shut the door of the room again.

"Now," she said, "do you know us at last?"

"It is," I answered in a low voice

of wonder and dismay, "it is a scene out of Wilfrid Gale's novel."

It was with a smile almost of triumph that my companion led me back to the sitting-room. She pressed her wasted hands on the table there, and leaned over it towards me as she said, "Is it satisfactory to you? Would you like it to go on for ever?"

"I?" was my perplexed and troubled answer.

"Yes, *you*," she repeated, with gentle insisting, as if she could now afford to be forbearing with me. "Do you realise it all, and the weary length of it? Would you like us never to reach the end?"

"You?" I repeated again, helplessly.

"Yes, I; I and the others. It is no better for me, knowing what we are and all the thin uselessness of our existence, than for the others, who do not guess, who go through it all again and again as if it were for the first time and the last. Does it help me, do you suppose it *can* help me, in the misery of my life here, to know that I am but the shadow of a man's thought—a shadow that would have faded away if it had not been strengthened by the force of another man's will, and stamped by the recognition of so many others with the seal of a miserable continuance?"

"I do not think I understand you," I replied, although I began to fear that I did.

She smiled incredulously.

"It adds to the bitterness of my sufferings—from which I cannot escape, because they are myself and I am them—to know that they are nothing, the reflection of a man's disappointment, of his sadness, which he put into form and made alive in this way; to know that I can never escape, never feel or think for myself, but must live over and over again the wretchedness which he mapped out for me, in order to buy for himself fame—and a fame of which he knows nothing!"

"This, at least," I said, "is not in

Wilfrid Gale's story; this scene he did not plan."

"No," she said, her brow darkening, "but it is not much; it is the effort of despair. You can help us, and no one else. I knew that, and the knowledge gave me strength for once to break through the fetters of *his* mind, and to act for myself. I am not like the others," she went on gloomily, "who guess nothing, but feel on the lines that *he* laid down and have no thought of escape. I suppose," she said, a faint smile showing through the bitterness of her speech, "that the evolution which explains all things to you may work also in the world of fancy, where we, like the creations of other artists, are doomed to live; and *he* had made me so self-conscious and analytical, and *you* had thrown so much reality into his sketch of me, that it is not wonderful for the self-consciousness to have deepened into a knowledge of what I am, and how I came to be. I fought and struggled towards the knowledge as soon as I dimly guessed it, in the hope that it might set me free; for if I *knew* myself to be only the dream of a novelist, would not the dream vanish at the touch of the daylight truth? But it was not so; my knowledge helped me no more than yours does. Do not the Buddhists teach that consciousness is ignorance, and that knowledge will destroy it and absorb all life into the eternally Unconscious? But who among you has reached this height, except by those gates of death which are closed to *us*? Some of your poets have said that creation is only a breath of God, which He will inhale again and so destroy. But the man who gave life to *us* by his fancy is dead himself, and has left us to survive him. Some of you have said again that you are only a thought of your Creator; but do you suffer less because it is only in *His* thought that you suffer? If you know that you are nothing, does it help you when you feel cold or hunger? It helps me no more than that, when I go through those pangs which your

friend appointed for me to suffer. And there is no more any hope of appeal to him; he has gone away and left us to take our chance. Nay, he wanted our sufferings to have the immortality which he had not; and, because his will was too weak to enforce his desire, you came forward to help with the strength of yours."

"Do you mean," I said, "that it is at all my fault that you suffer so much?"

"Whose fault besides?" she answered indignantly. "Your friend's fancy created us, but it was not strong enough to give us lasting life. We should have passed away and been forgotten, as *he* would have been; but you have given us a place in the thoughts of men from which we cannot escape; you have breathed new vitality into what was dying before. As long as we are real in the minds of many we must be real to ourselves too; we must work out over and over again the problems of our existence, and love, and hate, and suffer, even though we may come to have the bitterness of knowing—as I know—that our passion is foolishness, our pain a shadow, and ourselves the mere playthings of a vain man's ambition."

"But," I said, slowly and wonderingly, "if you exist, there must be so many of you."

"And why not?" she asked, with a bitter laugh. "Are there not so many of all created things, all things that suffer? And to each one the problem is as terrible as if no others felt it. The fact of the consciousness of a creature does not stay the forces that create it. They go on turning the machine just as much as ever, even when the grain begins to feel and to suffer for the grinding of the wheels. Consciousness does not count in the laws of nature; it does a little in the morality of man, but not much—not outside the region of his own interests. Did not your friend, who gave me so much knowledge and so many thoughts, did he not reveal

to me also what your clever men, your most cultivated men, the advanced men of your age, think about consciousness? How they tell us that when there is an end to be achieved—*any* end, whether of knowledge or of benevolence—it cannot be counted that the instruments may suffer? Do they not say that in the hands of science the throbbing nerves of an inferior creature are but as the lifeless quartz lines in the unvitalised rock, that the mere fact of *consciousness* can make no difference in the treatment of them? When you read these things, can you help knowing that the increase of suffering is regarded as no check on the multiplication of energy? Men must do things and make things, even if the things are only made to suffer."

"Some men, if they knew, would cease to make," I answered abruptly.

Her dark sad eyes fixed themselves more intently upon me with the eagerness of a great anxiety.

"Are you," she said, "one of those men?"

I felt myself flush under her searching gaze. The oppression of finding myself closed in by an unpleasant yet just demand was beginning to weigh upon me; but I answered briefly, "I am not one of the men who make."

"You have given life to the dying creations of another man. Oh," she said, clasping her hands together, and stretching them before her in an outbreak of passionate appeal, "I have fought for the strength to speak to you, for the power to burst the limits of my life, and to make an independent effort; it was not for myself only, it was for the others too, all the others who suffer and do not know. Perhaps I am the first who ever did it, but I shall not be the last. For, ever more and more, the artists, the creators, strive to give us more reality and more individual life. They are not satisfied to make us pictures or types; they want us to be real men and women like themselves. They do not make us very great, or very good,

only very real—and unhappy. And no man ever tried harder to escape from the sadness of his life by putting it into the lives of his characters than Wilfrid Gale. No one knows this better than you do. Yet for a long time you would not see my appeals to you, you would not hear me when I spoke. You have looked into my face with the cruel reality and incredulity of your eyes until you drove me back into the shadowy hopelessness of that existence from which I tried to reach you. Now, when you can doubt no longer, you are going away, away where I cannot follow you. Will you leave us then to our misery?"

The intensity of the woman's look, the reality of her speech impressed me strangely. I could not refuse to answer even as if she were all she seemed to be.

"What can I do to help you?" I asked her at last.

"Undo what you have done. You write in many papers without signing your name, write in all of them the opposite of what you have said before; speak slightly of us, say that we are nothing, encourage the world to pass us by and forget us."

"But I shall never forget *you*."

She sighed a little. "That is the danger of it; and I knew that. You will forget the others at least. It was only for your friend's sake that you thought of them so much. When you go to other work it will wipe out the memory of what you really never cared for. As for me, I must take my chance. Even if *you* don't forget, the world's hold on me will grow less and less. I shall fade out of other minds, until at length my thread of suffering will become very slight indeed; then, at last, when you die—" she smiled here faintly, and did not finish.

"I see—your troubles will be over," I answered somewhat dryly. "But does it not occur to you—capable as you seem to be of independent thought—that my position has its duties?"

"You strained your convictions for the sake of your friend; you have

only to do as much in another direction and the mischief will be counteracted," she answered quickly.

"There is also the memory of my friend to consider, and his wishes," I replied, determined to argue the question out.

"A dead man, one who does not know, who has *escaped*," she said scornfully, as if indeed the gate of death was a haven of refuge denied to her.

"And his sister, whose happiness is bound up in his success?"

She looked at me keenly then, pressing her thin fingers heavily on the table again.

"One woman," she said, "only one. You must love her much to put her happiness against that of so many."

"She is living, and my friend."

"And we only dream that we live. Ah, but the dreaming is bitter!" She caught her breath in as if with the horror of some remembrance. "And she can go her own way, and make her own life; help those she loves, and leave those she hates; die at the end and have done with it. Would you sacrifice *us* to *her*?"

"It is a terrible thing that you ask me to do."

"And a terrible thing which I beg you to undo."

"If I did it, and told why, no one would understand me, or believe me," I said, speaking more to myself than to her.

"Has that anything to do with the rightness of it?" she asked, quite gently, and moving a little nearer to me. When I started at the movement she stopped and flushed all over her pale face, as if recognising my instinct of separation; but she resumed her speaking softly—"You do not always act for such reasons," was what she added.

I looked at her surprised.

"You are a clever woman," I said, "and have worked your way to a very individual life: you have got quite beyond my friend and me. I

doubt if even I can help you to—escape."

Her eyes saddened perceptibly.

"That is what I fear. On my way to—this, I have learned many things. When we begin to help ourselves, we get, sometimes, beyond the help of others. We grope our way to death through fuller life, and if we do not quite get there it would have been better perhaps not to start. This I did not know at the beginning; but even if I had known I might have gone on for the others' sake. You know how much I mean when I say that. I have shown you very little of all the truth, but the rest you can remember. You have guessed dimly what has been going on around you before to-night, all the sorrow of it, and the pain; all the shame that some suffer undeserved, and the wretched remorse of others who were created to do the sin, and make the trouble. You cannot let it go on as before, and go away, and forget."

There was a certain dignity in her address which lifted it above the level of an entreaty, while its gentleness kept it away from the harshness of a demand. The consciousness that the release she asked for might not include herself had purified her mood of its bitterness, and ennobled her whole attitude.

"I cannot answer you now," I said, "you must give me time to think it out and to realise that this is no dream."

"At least you will not go away without speaking to me again?" she said.

"No, I will not. If you are here to be spoken to again you shall speak: I will certainly not deny you that chance."

"Thank you," she said, smiling sweetly, and lifting her hands from the table. There was a swift look of farewell in her eyes, and then she was gone; and I was alone, more alone than I had been for many days.

II.

WHEN the morning came I broke my promise, and ran away. It was a cowardly thing to do, but I said to myself that I had dreamt a dream which ought not to interfere with my waking movements; that I had no need to keep a promise made to a vision; and that, if I wished to preserve my sanity, I must leave at once the place where I had been subject to such a strange delusion.

As I walked to the station, a letter was put into my hand from Alison Gale—

"I am glad to hear where you are staying," she wrote. "That is the house in which my brother wrote his great book—his last book. The whole place must be haunted by his thoughts, and beautified by the memories of those creations which had their beginning there."

I crumpled the paper up in my hand with a feeling of irritation. This fact I had not known before, for I had always believed that Wilfrid Gale stayed at the inn to which I had meant to go; it was a fact which I did not feel pleased to have put before me at this moment. I desired to learn no new circumstance which would add to the vividness of my recent impressions, or confirm any haunting belief in their reality. I wanted to forget 'The Valley of Utter Darkness,' and all the other books which my friend had written, and all the characters in them. I decided that fiction was a nuisance, and ambition a vulgar mistake. I bought a morning paper to divert my mind to politics.

The first person I went to see when I reached London was Alison Gale. I did not ask myself why I did it, nor try to decide whether I desired to strengthen my resolution to escape, or only to receive the reward of it.

The reward was given to me ungrudgingly. I still looked ill and worn; my residence at Alderthwaite had failed to restore me to my ordinary condition of cynical cheerfulness; the

memory of what I had left behind stood between me and my personal hopes; I could get little enjoyment out of them; they were at best but a necessary consolation.

Alison perceived my melancholy mood, and was full of compassion and sympathy. These feelings gave the touch of tenderness to her gratitude which had been wanting before; and her surrender to me was very easy and simple. She promised to be my wife with a gentle humility, as if she would not refuse anything I wished, yet doubted the sufficiency of herself to be all that I deserved to have.

But then, so she was pleased to say, no one could be sufficiently paid for being good and noble and great. When people did very good things, their own generosity had to be their reward. As for herself—and here she looked down, blushing very prettily, and playing with the flowers in her belt—it would be a great happiness to her to spend her life with one who had come forward with so much perception and generosity to make the world understand what Wilfrid was, and to save his genius from being wasted. She had always thought that she would never marry, because marriage would take her from Wilfrid, and she would rather care for him most of all; but to become my wife now seemed only like going on with her life with him, and she felt sure that her brother in heaven, if he could know about it, would be happy to think of our spending the rest of our lives together.

I saw that she over-estimated my opinion of her brother's genius, and placed me in a false position as a fellow-worshipper with herself at his shrine. I could also have wished that she had shown more personal regard for me, instead of putting me forward as a substitute for the brother she had lost. But the personal feeling would come with time, and she would also learn to understand that I had a career of my own, and talents worth considering.

In the meantime, her excess of sub-

missive gratitude was somewhat embarrassing, and it made it all the more painful for me to oppose any wish of hers when she brought it forward. Almost the first suggestion she made on her own behalf was a painful one.

"I should like," she said, blushing brightly, "when we are married, instead of going to the places that so many go to, to stay at Alderthwaite Hall for a little while. He liked it so much, and you know it already, and could show it to me."

I answered quite abruptly that this was out of the question; the place was altogether unsuitable. Then I recovered myself, and said I was sorry not to agree to anything she would like; but the situation was melancholy, the house old-fashioned and uncomfortable. It would not do at all.

She was a little hurt and surprised at first, having evidently felt confident of my sympathy with this desire. She had a great deal of sentiment, and was sure that I had it too, in a cleverer way; but, being satisfied with the main thing, my devotion to her brother's memory, she was willing to be guided and corrected in smaller things. After a time she began to seem somewhat abashed at herself for having meddled in an arrangement which she ought to have left altogether in my hands.

Her shyness and submission troubled me, and I was sorry to have driven her back into the mood of grateful devotion. However, it could not be helped, and I did not doubt that we should learn to understand one another better in course of time.

Our marriage was to take place after an interval of a few months, and Alison went to pay a series of visits to friends meanwhile. I was left without the solace of her society, and felt disinclined to go back into my own circle, or to accept invitations in general. Alison's suggestion about Alderthwaite Hall had come upon me with a kind of shock; it brought back all the memories from which I was trying

to escape; for I could not help realising the impossibility of taking to that trouble-haunted place the young wife for whose sake I had shut my ears to the appeal made to me.

I could never tell her all that happened to me there, how I had nearly yielded to the strange demand forced upon me, or how I had fled in a cowardly manner from the consideration of it. After my marriage that chapter of my memory must be a closed book, and Alderthwaite a forbidden place. I could never face the reproaches possibly waiting for me, nor could I mingle my love for Alison with my sympathy for that strange vision of a woman who had appealed to me so passionately for herself and her fellow victims.

I tried to think that it had all been an illusion, a dream; and that now, in my happier mood, it could never return. And yet the perplexity of it haunted me; and I asked myself continually whether I had run away before the visions of a disordered fancy, or broken a promise to a creature who was capable of judgment and consciousness. I felt a great desire to settle the problem while my life was my own, before it was quite bound up with Alison's. Her absence at this time gave me an opportunity of testing my recovered nerve, and proving that Alderthwaite Hall had been haunted only by my own dreams. To convince myself of this fact seemed really necessary to my peace of mind.

I did not write to Alison to tell her where I was going, for I knew that her letters would be forwarded to me; but I packed up my portmanteau and went down again to the old house by the lake.

I shall not tell all that happened to me after I went back to Alderthwaite Hall; the recital of it would be painful, and would bring back too vividly the memory of all that I endured at the time.

At first indeed there was a false air of peace and quietness about the place, as if it held no secret and hid no

trouble; and yet this calm failed to satisfy me. I was not convinced that there was nothing strange to hear or see; I only felt that I had perhaps sacrificed my power of hearing and seeing, and with it all hope of helping those who had appealed to me.

The sunny quietness of the fells and the shining stillness of the lake were not without their sense of desolation. Somewhere, pushed out of sight by my determined action, the miserable lives might go on, with the power of prayer or reproach denied to them. I felt like one of those pitiless experimenters on living animals who content themselves with administering the cruel drug curari, which binds their victims in a hopeless stillness and silence, while it leaves them full powers of perception and pain. Of all prisons such a one must be the most horrible, because it is the narrowest; the walls of it are the tortured flesh of the creature, within which it can make no struggle, beyond which it can cast out no cry. Had I done something like this in refusing to hear the appeal so painfully made to me; in cutting myself off at once from sympathy and communion with those I might have helped?

This was my first sensation when I found only a commonplace world awaiting me at Alderthwaite, the chickens cheerfully scratching in the yard, the sandpipers crying shrilly over the water. It was succeeded by one of relief and triumph. My past experiences had been delusions born of weakened nerves and solitude. I had broken no promise after all, and been guilty of no unkindness.

This happy assurance was, however, very soon to be dispelled, and I was to go through more than my last experience of horror. Gradually the power of knowing what was going on around me returned, at first with a painful sense of awakening to a lost consciousness and of fighting with intervening dreams. I knew that there was trouble near me, and strove vainly to understand what it was; I was certain that voices spoke and people moved around

me, but the thread seemed lost which would guide my perceptions to a clear knowledge of what they were.

This time I had to grope my way alone out of the spiritual darkness; my old guide had abandoned me, discouraged by my unfaithfulness. And when at last I forced my way back into the shadowy world from which I seemed shut out, no one recognised my presence there: I was a stranger even to her.

My experience was a remarkable one; I doubt if any one ever went through the like before. By the force of my sympathy, communicated to me in the first instance by the strange woman who had spoken to me, I was admitted into a world which had little to do with my own, and enabled to see all that happened there.

I saw many unpleasant things, nearly everything that one would desire not to see: a grey-haired father insulted by his worthless son; a noble woman cast off and scoffed at by an inferior lover; a child murdered by its mother; a wife weeping over her dead husband. Even the pleasanter scenes brought their own horror; I knew they were but the flowery ways which lead—without any hope of a turning—straight to a wretched end. I grew sick of them at last; sick of watching the bright beginnings of a young affection which must turn to hatred and humiliation; the budding of hopes whose fruit would be despair. The whole thing was a horrid mockery, with the dreadful sense of reality behind it. It was I who was a phantom, my presence disregarded and even ignored, while the tragedy went on around me.

One of the most painful experiences was to see the woman who had appealed to me, who had shown herself capable of self-sacrifice and noble thoughts, lavish her fondness on a vulgar villain who laughed at her. The sight was revolting to every instinct I had. She seemed to have gone back, at least at times, to the ignorant completeness of her original

life; at other times she would half awake, look around her in a kind of horror and perplexity, and struggle to understand the second consciousness which slumbered within her.

At such times I wondered if it could be the shock of my desertion which had driven her back from the higher station, if the violence of the effort which she had made in vain had resulted in a hopeless relapse into her old helplessness.

Perhaps it was my sympathy which helped her at last to re-emerge, for she began once more to show some consecutive consciousness of the shadowiness of her life, and to revolt against the things it compelled her to be and to do. Then she recognised my presence, and—though she did not speak to me—looked at me often with mingled humiliation and reproach; as if ashamed that I should see the things she was forced to do, and yet indignant that I should have left her with no choice but to do them.

It was long before she attempted to speak to me again, or to take that place of leader and advocate which had been hers before. She was too proud to appeal for herself, and at first too miserable to appeal for others. Meanwhile it was my fate to watch, from hour to hour, so many creatures go helplessly on the way marked out by the caprice of a man's fancy to inevitable sorrow.

I could not interfere, I could not influence—I was entirely outside; but a week's watching made me feel like Dante in his journey through the Inferno; or, worse than that, like a brute who is beguiling helpless creatures into torture for some purpose of his own.

I had forgotten my own future; I had forgotten Alison; I struggled only with the one thought that these victims were Wilfrid Gale's, and not mine; that I had no right to interfere and put an end to their sorrows. This was the argument with which I lulled my conscience, or fought against my

temptation—whichever way you like to put it.

After many days of the struggle I felt quite broken down; all power of resistance seemed to have gone from me; I must yield, or once more, like a coward, find safety in flight.

"It is enough," I felt inclined to cry; "the brightness of life is gone for ever if I must buy it at the price of this knowledge. I will have no more of it."

And then I knew that for the first time since my return my old guide waited for me, patiently, quietly; and that, however much I might desire to refuse, I must get up and follow her.

She led me out to the lake, and there, as we stood beside the shining water, bright with gleaming moonlight, I became aware of a presence near us. It was the girl whom I had first seen the night before I fled from Alderthwaite.

She had her baby in her arms, and she bent over it, speaking to it softly.

"Little baby," she said, in her childlike voice, "he will not come back to us any more; and my mother is dead, and my father will never forgive. If I left you to grow up as I did, would you leave me for some one who did not care much, as I left my mother, and should I have to die alone? Little baby, it is better to die now—now—before your heart is broken as mine is; before you break some one else's as I did. It is not worth while living; it is better to die. The trouble is so long, and the happiness so short." She spoke pleadingly, as if the child could understand and might reproach her for what she meant to do, rocking it gently all the while in her arms. "I am hungry, baby, and very ill. When you wake you will cry because I have so little food to give you. It is better never to wake, never to feel any more."

She stopped with a shudder, and looked round as if frightened, and I saw then how thin she was, and how wan her cheeks.

"It is dreadful to do it myself," she said in a low voice; "if some one would only do it for me, and I never know, as I can do it for baby! Oh! if he would not give me the means to live he might have given me death instead; but I must seek that for myself, even that."

She seemed to be relenting in her purpose, and looked back along the path by which she had come; but the child stirred in her arms and uttered a faint moan, more pitiful to hear than any cry. She bent over it with passionate kisses, and said, "I will do it, baby, for your sake; I will not be afraid."

She laid it down then, very gently and carefully, in a boat moored to the beach. With her wasted fingers she undid the fastening and put the oars into their places; then, slowly and painfully, she began to row into the deeper water. She paused once among the water-lilies and looked at her baby, as if she thought of laying him down among their roots; but she remembered the uncertainty of her own resolution and went further away from the shore. In the still, deep water near the centre of the lake she stood up, letting the oars fall away out of her reach. She took the baby up and remained for a moment, a dark, straight figure in the moonlight; the boat had drifted a little, the oars were black lines some feet away. Then she held out the child suddenly at arm's length, uttering a strange despairing cry, which was no appeal for help, but rather a protest and a last declaration of pain to the indifferent universe. The cry rang down the lake, and the fells cast it back; it was followed by a splash. She had opened her arms and let the child fall into the water.

A strange thing followed. She had evidently meant to spring in after her baby, but now her courage failed her, and she cowered down shuddering in the boat. Then she leaned over and tried to reach the oars, but they were too far away; after that she burst into a fit of bitter sobbing, and covered

her face with her hands, longing perhaps for courage to finish what she had begun.

In another moment she stopped and looked round her, timidly and cautiously. She seemed afraid of what she might see, and her fear was not without foundation, for a dark object was apparent in the water near her. At the sight of it she rose as if she had been struck, and, without a moment's hesitation, leapt over the side of the boat towards it.

"My baby, come back to me!" was her cry as the ruffled waters closed over her. In the gleaming moonlight only the boat was left drifting, and near it the floating oars.

I turned away with something between a shudder and a sigh of relief.

"Yes, it is over," said my guide, speaking for the first time since my return, and answering my thought. "Must it begin again and go on, through all the weary course of it, to the dreadful end?"

I looked at her actually with something of anger and repugnance. She was like an accusing spirit from which I could not escape. I uttered no word in reply, but I went in-doors, took pen and paper, and wrote through all that night and into the following morning.

It was not one thing that I wrote, but many. There was a serious essay pointing out the intrinsic weakness of my friend's writings and the sketchiness of his characters; there was a jesting discourse, which laughed at the public for having taken seriously what was only worth a passing thought; there were other papers in other styles. The substance of all was the same, but the forms were different, and each, as I wrote it, I addressed to the magazine for which it was most suited, among those to which I was an accepted contributor.

I did this work without pause or hesitation. When it was done I had my breakfast, packed up my portmanteau, and departed. I posted my productions *en route*, paid a flying

visit to my lodgings, and took the earliest train to Dover. My next letter to Alison was dated from Paris. I told her that I had been suddenly obliged to go abroad on business, that I should travel from place to place, and that I could not at present give her any address to write to.

My great desire at that time was to get out of the reach of letters and magazines. If my papers were printed, it must be without any proof correction from me. I was determined to have nothing more to do with them. If they came into my hands again, it could only be to renew the old struggle, which I hoped to have concluded for ever.

When I next saw Alison more than three months had passed away. I had written to her several times, but always when on the point of changing my quarters, and I had taken care to avoid giving any instructions for the forwarding of letters. If this thing had to be done, let it be done irretrievably before I had any more knowledge of it.

I spoke to Alison in my brief letters of much business and travel in which I was involved: and I spoke truthfully, for I had chosen to absorb myself in an exhaustive study of certain districts of the Continent, on which, with their people and their history, I had been invited to write a series of papers.

"I cannot create," I wrote to her, with a ghastly effort to be playful, "but I can at least *amass*; and I am trying hard to lay the foundation of some future fame before I come back to you. This sort of travelling will be out of the question *for you*, and after we are married I shall not like to do it alone."

When I had actually started on my return journey, I telegraphed the time at which I expected to arrive at home, and on reaching my London lodgings I found a note from Alison awaiting me. It was very brief, and only stated where she was to be found; but I guessed from the tone of it that

something was wrong, and that she had some revelation to make.

When I actually stood before her, she looked very pale and sad. The mourning which she wore for her brother before I went away had not been changed for anything brighter; it had not even been modified. She listened to my greetings quietly, and then sat down, clasping her hands in the intensity of some emotion.

"I want to tell you," she said, "of something dreadful that has happened since you went away," and then I knew that the thing had been done, and that my wild shots had not missed their mark.

A heap of papers and magazines lay beside her; she took them up now, and began to finger them in an agitated manner.

"Some one," she said, "has done a wicked thing—some one who must have hated my brother, and been angry that justice had been done to him at last. See!" she went on, holding the papers towards me, "every one of them contains something written against his books."

I took them from her, and was glad to hold my head down, examining them. As I turned over the pages rapidly, I perceived that the writing in question was all mine. Some of it had been abbreviated, some a little altered, the editors having taken the responsibility of correction in my absence. One little essay, light and sarcastic in tone, had evidently fallen in altogether with the editorial mood; it had been polished to a keener intensity of mocking evil, and some very sharp strokes of severity had been added to it.

"What is so strange," said Alison, in her low, troubled voice, "is, that people believe those wicked things. I know they do. I can see it by the way they begin to look at me, as if they were a little sorry, but it did not matter much. They are not *interested* as they were before, and glad to talk of my brother; they just look at me for a moment in an observing sort of

manner, and then turn away. The most they will say now is, 'What a pity your brother died so young,'—as if he did not do enough to make his fame first!"

"You must be mistaken," I answered, still turning over the leaves, and wondering how I could have thought of so much severe criticism in one night; "such a change cannot take place all at once."

"Yet it has; and oh! how I have wished for you to come back and do something. My friends talk to me, and say that my brother's fame had not been established long enough to resist this attack; that your praise of him had started it, and that now every one remembers that you were his particular friend. Nobody cared for his writing, really—that's what they try to tell me in other words, to make me patient, but people were ashamed of not seeming to care when they heard that he was so clever, and a real genius. Now they can please themselves, because some one has dared to write slightly of him; and the sale of his books has stopped quite suddenly. It must be a very jealous and wicked person who has done it!"

"Why do you think it is one person? There are six essays here, in different papers."

"They are none of them signed; and I do not believe there are two persons in the world so cruel as that," she ended conclusively.

I put the papers down and looked at her at last.

"Alison," I said, "you know that I love you."

"I believe that you do," she answered, her face flushing, "that is why I ask you to help me."

"And that I was your brother's friend, and liked to be of service to him?"

"You have been before, and you will be again now," she said; but I went on without heeding her.

"How will you believe me, then, when I tell you that I wrote these papers, every one of them?"

"You!" She rose to her feet, confronting me.

"Yes, I!" I answered, rising too, and putting the papers down.

"I do not believe you. You are mad. You are ill. You do not know what you are saying."

"I know very well. It was to get away from this trouble that I left you and went abroad."

She trembled a little, and leaned on the table to support herself, looking at me with a white face.

"You could not do it," she said. "There was no motive. It is—some cruel joke."

"It is the miserable truth; and I will tell you the motive."

Then I sat down again, and told her, as rapidly and yet as fully as I could, the history of my temptation, how I had fled from it, returned to it, yielded to it.

She sank back in her chair as she listened, a look of perplexity, of incredulity, of pain, on her face. Once I thought there was a glimpse of fear there; but my calm manner, my steady voice, the coherence of my discourse, in spite of its strange subject, reassured her. She could not think that I was dangerously mad; it was easier to believe that I was, for some unknown reason, deceiving her.

When I had finished she looked at me quietly, and said, "You have had a strange delusion; and now you will confess all, and undo it."

"No," I said, "much as I love you, I don't think I shall ever undo it."

"Do you mean," she said, "that you will let the world go on reading those papers, not knowing why they were written?"

"Does the world know why I wrote the first; because he was my friend, and you were his sister?"

She paled a little at this, but answered, "It was true; you believed it."

"With modifications. And these papers are true, and I believe them, with modifications. No, I will interfere no more. I have but undone

what I did. If your brother's fame is a real thing, if his genius is a sufficient thing, his works will survive this attack. If they cannot survive it, if they owed their success entirely to what I wrote before, let them be forgotten; it is their proper fate."

"But I," she said, her eyes beginning to flame somewhat, "I can tell the world what you will not."

"You can please yourself," I answered; "the world will not, any more than you do, believe in my true motive. They will think my explanation a mere excuse to escape your anger. Will it then benefit your brother's fame for it to be known that the critic who praised him so highly at first repented afterwards and wrote these things?"

She became very pale indeed, and faltered, "You are too clever for me. I did not think of that."

I was touched with pity and tenderness at the sight of her trouble.

"Alison," I said, "forgive me, and let this go by. You cannot believe or understand what I have told you, but you can at least suppose that I have some good reason, and would not grieve you without cause. I have but undone what I did; your brother's fame stands as it was before I touched it. If it fades away and he is forgotten, he is spared the trouble of knowing it. He is gone, and can suffer no more from the world's caprices; but we have years of life before us. Let this be a closed book in the future. If you can forgive me I will strive to make up in other ways for this trouble; why should we not be happy yet, since we love one another?"

"I!" she said, drawing back, and speaking with scorching emphasis. "Do you think that I can love *you*, the traitor, the wicked injurer of the dead?"

"I hoped you loved me," I answered, "since you promised to be my wife."

"I will not break my promise," she said, "if you will undo this wickedness that you have done."

"It is impossible, much as I love you."

"Then let me never have the misery of looking on your face again," she answered passionately. And so she turned and left me.

I have never seen Alison since that day, but I have heard of her marriage to a clergyman, a very second-rate sort of man, who fancies, entirely without foundation, that he has a talent for composing hymns.

I cannot say that I have ever repented what I did, though it has made my life lonely, and brought trouble to the girl I loved. If I made a mistake, the error was a cruel one, to me as well as to others; but I am to-day as convinced of the reality of what I saw and heard as when I sat down and wrote those papers.

Alison did not exaggerate the consequence of their almost simultaneous appearance. Wilfrid Gale had not the qualities necessary to ensure popularity, though he was clever enough for people to admire him when told—with authority—that they ought to do so. When told, however, with equal authority, and more numerical force, that they might please themselves, they pleased themselves in the direction of forgetfulness and neglect.

After my parting with Alison Gale I went abroad again, and did not return to England for some years. During my absence Alison married, and many of my friends had time to forget me.

They had time also to forget the poor genius who had died too young, and for whom the mistaken zeal of a friend—as gossip said—had achieved a momentary popularity. When I came back I found that his name had slipped from people's memories, and his books had disappeared from the stalls. There was no demand for his works in the libraries, no reference to his productions in the current literature. Very few read him, and nobody quoted him. He was remembered, as a name one or two literary persons, but his

writings had, even with them, sunk into the haze of oblivion.

I went down to Alderthwaite Hall once more, and found a great peace and silence resting on its ivied chimneys and dwelling in its ancient walls. The ghosts had gone, set free at last from the sadness of their unreal existence. None thought of them, none remembered them; that mission of reflecting in a shadowy life the intense consciousness of men and women who believed in their identities, was over and done with. All were gone, except one, whose sad face still haunted the place with its patient sweetness.

It was even as she had guessed. The effort which broke the narrow bonds of her life, and rendered her capable of original action, had set her in a higher circle of existence than those who were her companions. As their consciousness grew less intense, their joy and sorrow less real, her individuality remained the same. Gradually she became more and more separated from those for whom she had done so much, and also from the old chain of circumstances and feelings which had bound her before. She stood aloof in her solitude, and saw the old life fall away, saw the old companions die out, till they were only faint echoes, or dim visions.

Then she was left alone, with no life to live, her career ended; her work successful for others, a failure for herself alone.

"But I do not repent," she said, speaking to me for the last time, "it was a good thing to do, and the rest are free. I would have done it for that alone. It used to seem a terrible thing to me, when first I grew to understand it, to think of all those lives marked out to live, whose loves to be felt, those sins to be done, without any choice. But since then I have wondered in my great loneliness whether you in the larger world have any more choice, though you think you have. Those poor things thought they had, too, and I thought it once; and I have wondered whether

if any of you get far enough to see what you are, the hopelessness and the triviality of it will drive you to despair, as it did me. But I cannot tell. Will any of you be strong enough to reach a higher knowledge, and will it also prove to be death and oblivion? Will it be the fate of one, as it has been mine, to find that greater truth which is the end of life, and, having opened the door by which the others go out, to be left alone in all eternity with no way of passing through?"

"I should never have the courage to seek such a way," I answered, shuddering.

"You cannot tell what you would do if the need proved strong enough. And now I want to ask one thing for myself: this is for myself alone. It is that you will go away from this place again, and never return to it. I think of you always with gratitude and kindness. To have known you is some compensation for having been compelled, in the existence from which you delivered me, to love"—she stopped and shuddered. "I will not go back to that evil thought, which covers me still with humiliation. Your memory is pleasant to me, but your presence fills me with too strong a life. Too strong because I have nothing to do with it, and am as purposeless as a shadow. When you are far away my thoughts are dim like a dream. I hardly know that I go on existing; one day perhaps I may go out altogether. For you will forget me, perhaps, and it is only in your mind that I now live—not the old life, a newer though a lonelier one."

"I fear that I shall never forget you," I answered in a low voice.

"I must wait longer then," she answered with a wan sweet smile; "when the end comes for you it will come for me too. There is some pleasure in the thought. We have never lived the same life, I have been only a vision to you; but we may at least die together, and that will be a kind of meeting. Good-bye."

She smiled with a quivering lip, and

I put out my hand to touch hers. It seemed so real to me that I felt as if I might clasp it, and draw her from her shadowy world to my real one. But she drew back, shook her head, and smiled again.

"Let me go!" she said; "never call me to this stronger life again. It can only be an added pain to us both."

My hand dropped. I had no strength to protest, but watched her as she faded from my sight, and then put my hand over my eyes, feeling as if I had parted from a friend who was very dear to me.

I never saw her again. If she still haunts the old Hall at Alderthwaite I shall not know. Peace be with her sweet strong spirit if it has not yet found its rest!

I shall never marry. Alison was my first love; after I lost her I never looked on another woman whom I desired to make my wife. About them all, in spite of their fairness, there was something hard, and cold, and worldly. That vision that I had had of a suffering creature, who was willing to suffer still if her companions might be set free, came between me and all the bright beauty of girls who hardly knew what trouble was. It comes between me and my old ambitions now.

What a strange thing it is to look forward to my own death, knowing that it will bring *her* freedom and therefore her reward!

AMERICAN LEADS AT WHIST.

EVER since whist became a scientific game authorities have been agreed on one fundamental point, viz., that the original lead should be from the strongest suit.

About the year 1728, so far as is known, whist was first studied scientifically by a party of gentlemen frequenting the Crown coffee-house in Bedford Row. It is on record that these players laid down as their first rule, "Lead from the strong suit."

Shortly after this (1743) appeared Hoyle's 'Short Treatise on the Game of Whist.' Hoyle echoes the Crown dictum. His first "general rule" is, "When you lead, begin with the best suit in your hand." Payne, 'Maxims' (1773), says, "Begin with the suit of which you have most in number." Matthews, 'Advice' (1805), recommends leads from sequences of three cards or more, and adds, "If you have none, lead from your most numerous suit;" but when weak in trumps, he does not like leading from a long weak suit. This, however, is rather a contradiction in terms, as one of the elements of strength is number. "Cœlebs," 'Laws and Practice of Whist' (1851), states that "generally the primitive lead is from the strongest or most numerous suit." Clay, 'Treatise on Short Whist' (1864), remarks, "Let your first lead be from your strongest suit." The above list could be extended, but enough has been quoted to carry the point that there is a general *consensus* among writers on the game, as also among players, that the *original lead should be from the strongest suit*.

By "the" original lead is meant the very first lead of all. When the original leader loses the lead, and some one else opens a fresh suit, his lead is original in one sense, but is not *the* original lead. After one or two tricks

have been played, the fall of the cards may influence the next lead. It is not proposed to discuss here leads late in a hand. The following observations apply in their absolute form to "the" original lead only.

By the strongest suit is meant the suit of greatest number. It is not denied that there are exceptional hands, from which the suit of greatest number is not led originally. Thus a player may hold five, four, three, two, in one suit, and ace, king, queen, in another, and in his judgment it may be advisable to open the tierce major in preference to the suit of four small cards. But, in a theoretical discussion, such hands may be ignored, for the very reason that they *are* exceptional.

Four cards is the minimum number of a strong suit. Three is somewhat below the average of cards of the same suit in one hand; four is somewhat above the average. Hence, for present purposes, it may be taken that a strong suit is a suit of four or more cards.

The selection of card depends on the number of the cards in the suit, and on the number and value of the high cards.

Thus, a small card is led when the suit contains no honour; or, with two exceptions, when it contains only one honour. The honours are, of course, ace, king, queen, knave.

With ace and more than three small cards in a plain suit, ace is led, as, owing to the number of cards held in the suit (five at least), it is not great odds against the second round being trumped. Also when the only honour is the knave, and it is accompanied by at least the ten and the nine, then the knave is led.

When the suit contains two honours, if they are ace and king, it is obviously right, in plain suits, to lead

them in preference to a low card. If the two honours are king and queen, the king is led. Further, if the ten accompanies queen, knave, queen is led; and if ten accompanies king, knave, ten is led. In other cases a small card is led with two honours in the suit. With more than two honours in the suit, a high card is always led.

And observe, in three combinations from which a high card is led the second lead is a low card, viz., ace and four small cards; king (led from king, queen), when the king wins the trick; and ten (led from king, knave, ten), when the ten wins the trick.

In all other cases (bar exceptional conditions owing to the fall of the cards in the first trick, which can only be taken into account in a complete treatise), when a high card is led, the lead is followed by another high card.

A strong suit, then, may be opened in one of three ways:—1. A low card may be led. 2. A high card may be led, followed by a low card. 3. A high card may be led, followed by a high card.

Take first the case of a low card led. Which of the low cards of the strong suit should the original leader select?

A player somewhat advanced in the game would answer that, having no pretension to win the trick, the lowest card of all should be led, so as to avoid the possibility of any unnecessary sacrifice. He might add that, as between such cards as a two and a three, it is true there can be no sacrifice in leading the three; but that, having a rule of play, it is advisable to apply it uniformly, and that consequently he would always lead his lowest when opening a strong suit with a small card. And, indeed, this was the practice from the earliest period of scientific whist, until the year 1872.

About that time a number of highly intelligent players were in the habit of pursuing their favourite pastime at the County Club, in Albemarle Street.

They observed that the invariable lead of the lowest sometimes lost a trick to a very small card on the first round, should the third hand happen to be very weak in the leader's suit. Thus, leader has king, ten, nine, eight, two; second hand has queen, knave, five, four; third hand has six, three; fourth hand has ace, seven. The old-fashioned game was to lead the two. The second and third hands would play the four and the six respectively, and the fourth hand would win the trick with the *seven*. If, with these cards, the first lead is the eight, it forces the *ace* from the fourth hand, and leaves the leader with the winning card. From such a combination as the above there can be no doubt, as was soon decided, that the eight, and not the lowest card, is the most favourable one for the original lead.

Then the question arose—How far is this scheme to be carried? Holding an intermediate sequence of knave, ten, nine (say with the king above and the two below the sequence) even the old-fashioned players would begin with the nine in preference to the two. The example set out at length has already shown that if the intermediate sequence is ten, nine, eight, it is also right to begin with the eight. Who shall say that it is not right to begin with the seven, holding an intermediate sequence of nine, eight, seven? And how about an intermediate sequence of eight, seven, six?

The line could not be drawn, so the knot was cut by pursuing a uniform practice with *all* intermediate sequences of three cards. That is to say, with such a suit as queen, seven, six, five, two (containing an intermediate sequence of seven, six, five), the leader would open the game with the five, and not with the two.

And "Lo! a marvel came to light." Given the original lead from a strong suit, it was remarked that when the leader first produced, say, a five, and afterwards played a two, he must necessarily have led from great nume-

rical strength, that is from a suit of at least five cards.

Now it has been a maxim of scientific whist from time immemorial that it is an advantage to inform partner of strength in any particular suit, and especially of great strength. Hence, it having been discovered that a player could inform his partner of great strength by first leading his penultimate card, when he held an intermediate sequence, it began to be considered whether he should confine this advantage to suits containing such sequences. Why should he not, it was suggested, extend the rule to all suits of five or more cards, irrespective of their containing an intermediate sequence? To give a concrete example. From queen, six, five, four, two, the four was led, and the information was given. But from queen, six, four, three, two, the two was led, and the information was withheld. Why? Because the four, three, two sequence was not "intermediate." It was soon felt that this was splitting straws, and the rule to lead the penultimate card from all suits of five cards opened with a small card (whether containing an intermediate sequence or not), became established.

It was, however, hotly disputed in some quarters whether it is advisable to inform partners of such details of strength, bearing in mind that the information is also imparted to the adversaries. It would require a separate essay to thresh out the *pros* and *cons* of the Battle of the Penultimate. Suffice it to say that, with the exception of a small contingent of Irreconcilables, the penultimate system is now approved of by good players. And it is not to be supposed that penultimates are led, by gentlemen who play to win, out of any compliment to Drayson, Pole, "Cavendish" or other writers who uphold the system. Far from it. The plan is followed because it has been found to answer.

There is yet one step further. What is to be done with suits of more than five cards?

For a long time (that is, from 1872 to 1884) the penultimate was led from suits of five or more cards. The lead of the ante-penultimate from suits of six cards had been several times proposed, notably by Drayson in 1879. But the proposals fell flat until a year or two back, when Mr. Nicholas Browse Trist, of New Orleans, U.S.A., hit the nail on the head. He laid it down as a general principle that all long suits opened with a low card should be treated as though they contained the minimum of numerical strength only (that is, four cards), and that the *fourth-best card* should always be the one chosen for the first lead—lower cards being disregarded. Thus, from king, ten, nine, six, lead the six. From king, ten, nine, six, five, lead the six. From king, ten, nine, six, five, four, lead the six. And so on, whatever the procession of small cards lower than the six. The difference between the two schemes may be briefly stated thus:—for "lowest" and for "penultimate" read "fourth-best."

The advantage of this uniformity of lead is that partner always knows the leader holds exactly three cards in his suit higher than the one led. If the leader afterwards plays lower cards he still retains the three higher cards. An example will render the working of the fourth-best rule apparent. Put out the cards of one suit, and give the leader queen, knave, eight, seven, four, three. Give the second hand the ten; the third hand ace, king, nine; and the fourth hand six, five, two. The penultimate leader starts with the four. Second hand plays ten; third hand plays king; and fourth hand plays two. To the second trick the third hand leads ace. The fourth hand (now second to play) plays five; the original leader (now third hand) plays three; the other player renounces.

Now the original leader's partner knows (owing to the penultimate) that the lead was from at least five cards; but he cannot infer the value of any one of the three or

more cards remaining in the leader's hand.

Replace the suit as at first, and let the leader open with his fourth-best card—the American lead. He leads the seven; the others play ten, king, two, as before.

The third hand knows that the leader holds three cards all higher than the seven; ten having been played, and holding ace, nine, himself, he can mark queen, knave, eight in the leader's hand, just as though he saw them there. And, what is most valuable, the third hand knows *at once* that the leader has the entire command of the suit. This he did not know, even after the second round, according to the penultimate way of leading. The second trick the cards are played thus—ace; five; three; renounce. The play of the five shows that the leader holds the four, in addition to queen, knave, eight; and the only card the leader's partner cannot place is the six.

The difference, then, as regards partner's knowledge under the two methods is, that according to penultimate play the third hand knows almost nothing about the leader's suit; according to fourth-best, or American, play the third hand knows nearly everything. Especial attention is drawn to the fact that the most useful information, namely, that the leader commands the suit, is imparted by the American lead on the *first* round.

It is amazing that players who have got as far as penultimates should hesitate about adopting fourth-bests. They lead the fourth-best from a suit of four cards, they lead the fourth-best from a suit of five cards; but many of them will not lead the fourth-best from a suit of six cards. They have swallowed the camel and they strain at the gnat. For the first rule of American leads is simplicity itself. All it asks is this—

When you open your strong suit with a low card, lead your FOURTH-BEST.

There are three cases, already enumerated, where a high card having

been first led, the second lead is a low card. If these combinations are calculated it will be found that, bar trumping, the original lead of the low card is more likely to win tricks than that of the high card. So having led the high card the leader of the low card, to the next trick, is in much the same position as though he were about to open his suit with a low card, subject, of course, to contrary indications from the previous fall of the cards.

It is pretty evident then, if the fourth-best law is adopted, that the leader should continue with the low card he would originally have selected had he led that first. For instance; with ace, eight, seven, five, two, if the suit were opened (as it is in trumps) with a low card, the five would be chosen. In plain suits the ace is led. Prior to the introduction of fourth-bests the two was next led. But the fourth-best law points to the original fourth-best, viz., the five, as the card to be proceeded with. Hence the second rule of American leads (which is only supplementary to the first) is—

On quitting the head of your suit, after the first round, lead your ORIGINAL FOURTH-BEST.

The Battle of the Fourth-Best is now raging, as did years ago the battle of the penultimate. The old stock arguments against penultimates are urged against fourth-bests. It will be well to examine these arguments. They are three:—1. That the lead of the fourth-best complicates the game. 2. That fourth-bests seldom affect the result. 3. That the exact information given by fourth-bests is more advantageous to the adversaries than to the leader and his partner.

The complication argument, if sound, might be met by remarking it is no objection to the rules of play of an intellectual game that they should exercise the brains of the players. But it is more readily met by denying its soundness in fact. The leader's partner is only expected to observe that the leader holds three cards

higher than the one he first led in the suit of his own choosing; or, in the case of a high card followed by a low one, that the leader holds two cards higher than the one led on the second round. That is all. If the leader's partner is clever enough also to note the absence of certain small cards, he may mentally place them in the leader's hand. But should he be a moderate player he is not obliged to do this. If he can do it he will derive the fullest possible advantage from the lead of the fourth-best; if he cannot (owing to inexperience or to want of observation), he will only derive part of the advantage he might obtain. As Clay wisely puts it, "The beginner should at first content himself by carefully observing the broad indications of the game. With care, and his eyes never wandering from the table, each day will add to the indications which he will observe and understand. Memory and observation will become mechanical to him and will cost him little effort, when all that will remain for him to do will be to calculate at his ease the best way of playing the remainder of his own and his partner's hands, in many cases, *as though he saw the greater portion of the cards laid face upwards on the table.*" The italics are ours.

The result argument overlooks the fact that, in their most important features, American leads have been anticipated. Whenever a young player leads his lowest from a suit of four cards, he, like M. Jourdain, who spoke prose without knowing it, makes an American lead without knowing it. So, whenever he leads the penultimate from a suit of five cards, he makes the American lead without knowing it. It is only when he comes to a six card suit, or to a suit of more than four cards from which he first leads a high card and then a low one, that he is invited to lead a card which, but for American leads, he would not have led. Consequently, the American lead only differs from the ordinary lead in a few cases; and it necessarily follows that the

result can only be affected in some of these few cases.

The advantage-to-adversary argument is more troublesome to combat. It is freely admitted that hands can be so arranged as to give the adversaries an advantage, in consequence of the adoption of the American system. The question remains—On which side will the balance of advantage lie in the long run? This question can only be answered by experience. So far as our experience goes no one who has once practised American leads has abandoned them because the practice has resulted in a loss.

And, it being admitted that it is an advantage to convey information of strength, it is contrary to all experience that incomplete information should be better than precise information. It may turn out to be so in this particular instance; but more than mere assertion is required to convince American leaders of the soundness of the doctrine that the leader ought to give his partner not too much information but just information enough.

When a suit is opened with a high card, and another high card is next led, it will in most instances be because the leader holds a third high card. Thus, with ace, queen, knave, &c., ace is first led, and then queen or knave. It is well established that with ace, queen, knave, four in suit, ace should be followed by queen; with more than four in suit, that ace should be followed by knave.

The reason is that, with the four card combination, the leader is not strong enough to tempt his partner to unblock the suit on the second round by playing the king; but that, with the five card combination, if partner originally holds king and two small ones, the leader wants the king out of the way, on the second round, to free his suit. The same applies to queen, knave, ten, four in suit or five in suit. With four lead queen, then knave; with more than four, lead queen, then ten. And, by analogy, from knave, ten, nine, four in suit, lead knave,

then ten; from knave, ten, nine, more than four in suit, lead knave, then nine.

It will be noticed that, in the examples, the higher of two indifferent cards is led when the lead was from a suit of four cards; that the lower of two indifferent cards is led when the lead was from a suit of more than four cards. About these leads happily there is no dispute.

It must be assumed that the reader knows the usual leads from combinations of high cards. The only point sought by the American plan is to procure a uniform system of leading from high indifferent cards. And seeing that, in the cases quoted, the second lead depends on the number of cards held in the suit, the American law follows almost as a matter of course, viz. :—

With two high indifferent cards, on the second round lead THE HIGHER if you had four in suit originally; THE LOWER if you had more than four.

Thus, with king, knave, ten, &c., the ten is led. If the queen is not played to the first trick the remaining cards are not indifferent, and the rule does not apply. But if queen, or queen, ace, come out on the first round and the leader now obtains the lead again, his king and knave are indifferent cards. If, then, he proceeds with the king, the higher of the indifferent cards, he tells his partner he remains with knave and one small card; if he proceeds with the knave, the lower of the indifferent cards, he tells his partner that he remains with king and at least two small cards.

Or, in trumps, if the lead is from ace, king, queen, the queen is first led. Now king and ace are indifferent cards. Ace being the second lead, the leader still holds king and at most one small trump; king being the second lead the leader still holds ace and at least two small trumps. Or, from king, queen, knave, at least two small cards, knave is led, both in trumps and in plain suits; and king and queen are in-

different cards. If the king is the second lead, the cards in the leader's hand are queen and two small ones exactly; if the queen is the second lead, the leader has still in hand king and at least three small ones.

In order to lead properly from high cards it is essential to be sure that the high cards are indifferent. In this consists the only trouble with regard to these leads. Players who know the ordinary leads can apply the rule readily. Players who are not familiar with leads from high cards will first have to learn, by heart, what everybody who pretends to play whist ought to know.

Some few writers have recently advised the adoption of the American system when the leader is strong in trumps, and the retention of the old-fashioned system when the leader is weak in trumps. This may be all very well as a matter of judgment on obtaining the lead and opening a suit for the first time towards the middle of the hand. But as regards "the" original lead it can hardly be argued that a mixed system—or rather no system—is preferable to a uniform method. "The" original lead proceeds on the assumption that the third player holds his average of good and bad cards. Hence, if the leader's partner has a strong, or even an average hand, his play may be seriously hampered by withholding information which must be given by the first lead of all or not at all.

It may be asked, Why should players trouble themselves to learn American leads when in many cases the old-fashioned lead answers nearly or quite as well? The answer is simple. American leads propose a systematic course when opening the strong suit, and substitute general principles for rule of thumb. They thus elevate the character of the game, and they enable even beginners to speak the Language of Whist intelligibly for the benefit of partners who understand it.